SPECIAL INFLATION ISSUE

No. 145 Sept. '71 33110

MAD

OUR PRICE 40¢

NO LAUGHING MATTER

IN THIS ISSUE WE DEFLATE "FIVE EASY PIECES" AND "THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT"

A FISH TALE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: AL JAFFEE

NUMBER 145 SEPTEMBER 1971

MAD

"Sometimes it pays to resist a temptation. A better one may be coming along!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Sept. 1971, Vol. 1, No. 145 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 13 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A. 13 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1971 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed In U.S.A.

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MOVING PICTURES?

Nope, it doesn't look like these ads offering our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid . . . suitable for framing or training puppies . . . are moving any pictures! On the contrary, they're our "still" pictures! Mainly, they're "still" cluttering our stockroom! But they "still" can be yours—merely by sending 25c for 1, 50c for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 and $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

NEW PRICE "SLASHING"

With inflation what it is today, the one thing we don't need is to pay more money for trash. *Forty cents*...! Have you people gone completely MAD?

Graham Holloway
Danville, Va.

"Ouch!" That's what I said when I paid for #143. But, when I thought of a few things, I became calm. After all, *other* magazines obtain much or most of their revenue from advertising. I once counted only the full-page ads in LIFE, and the total was more than *half* of the entire number of pages. You are not getting money from *that* end. Add, then, the fact that nearly *all* magazines today cost sixty to seventy cents . . . *with* advertising. Anyone making cracks about "the outrageous price" of MAD will have to deal with me!

Gary Insley
Springfield, Ohio

VISITING EDITOR

Thanks for the chance to interview Editor Feldstein and to photograph your MADly delightful staff at work. Now I know why you're on target so much of the time. You aren't afraid to be honest and you make it fun for all of us. I hope our story on MAD, in the June issue of YOUTH magazine, can do justice to the MAD genius.

Herman Ahrens, Editor
YOUTH Magazine
1505 Race Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

ABC'S CAMPUS RIOT OF THE WEEK

Many thanks to Jack Davis and Tom Koch. Tom caught Chris Schenkel's and Bud Wilkinson's styles of reporting and gave me some of the best laughs I've had in a long time. The world needs more satire such as that displayed in MAD. Perhaps if a more realistic view could be seen by two such opposing forces as those depicted in "Campus Riot", maybe hate would dissolve and then there'd truly be ...PEACE!

Larry Peters
Chicago, Ill.

Not only was it funny, it also showed how pathetically ridiculous campus rioting has gotten . . .

Howard Bell
Easthampton, Mass.

YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY OVER WHEN...

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...he invites you up to his apartment "to show you his collection of MADs"...and he really does!

Yma Suark
Harbor Isle, N.Y.

...he starts reading MAD in bed!

Grace Loehr
Irving, Texas

ORDURE OF THE DAY

Congrats to Ronnie Nathan and Paul Coker, Jr. on their powerful plea to prevent persistently pestiferous and pungent Pavement Pollution!

Sandra Cardone
S. Hadley, Mass.

NIXON AND AGNEW AS SEEN BY . . .

When a young liberal (yours truly) tries to read "Nixon & Agnew (As Seen By . . .)" over her conservative, middle-America parents' shoulders, it's hard to muffle hysteria. I couldn't say it then, but I can say it now . . . BEAUTIFUL! And, so true!!

Carolyn Wood Simons
Waco, Texas

PHOTO BY JOHN C. GOODWIN

YOUTH Magazine's Editor, Herman Ahrens, asks MAD Magazine's Editor, Al Feldstein, the eternal Neuman question: "What's it all about, Alfie...?

ON A CLEAR DAY, ETC.

My compliments to Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker on their marvelous "On A Clear Day You Can See A Funny Girl Singing 'Hello Dolly' Forever." They gave Barbra Streisand some real digs but I suspect they dig her as much as the rest of us.

Tim McNicol
Redding, Calif.

As one of Streisand's biggest fans, I was delighted with your hilarious satire. It was a brilliant piece of writing, but what really got me was the artwork. Whether Frank Jacobs is aware of it or not, this Hollywood phenomenon is a girl of many sides, and Mort Drucker did a brilliant job of capturing them all with unbelievable perception. Even her mannerisms and facial expressions! How about an encore on her latest, "The Owl And The Pussycat"?

Jim Todd
Davidson, N.C.

I think it's outrageous that you should condemn a person just because she's extremely talented. What would *you* people know about talent, writing for that crummy magazine!

Cindy Gurtman
Yonkers, N.Y.

I happen to have seen all of Barbra Streisand's movies and find them to be exceptional. She's one of the finest singers and actresses since Judy Garland first came along; yet so unlike *any* great predecessor. Your satire disturbed me very much . . .

Scott Horowitz
E. Brunswick, N.J.

Even on a cloudy day, it's clear to see your satire on Barbra Streisand is the best you've ever done. Even my parents enjoyed it!

Lukie Costin
Reisterstown, Md.

This country needs more Barbra Streisand pictures! They're our only refuge from the torrent of Elliott Gould potboilers.

Joan McCabe
New York, N.Y.

MORE NEW PRICE "SLASHING"

I would like to inform you that the price of MAD is now equal to that of a school lunch in Kentucky. Prior to your price increase, they were equal only in content.

Debby Graves
Jeffersontown, Ky.

. . I'm dumb enough to pay the extra 5¢ and then spend 6¢ on a stamp to complain to you about it!

Lynn Kohmer
Seattle, Wash.

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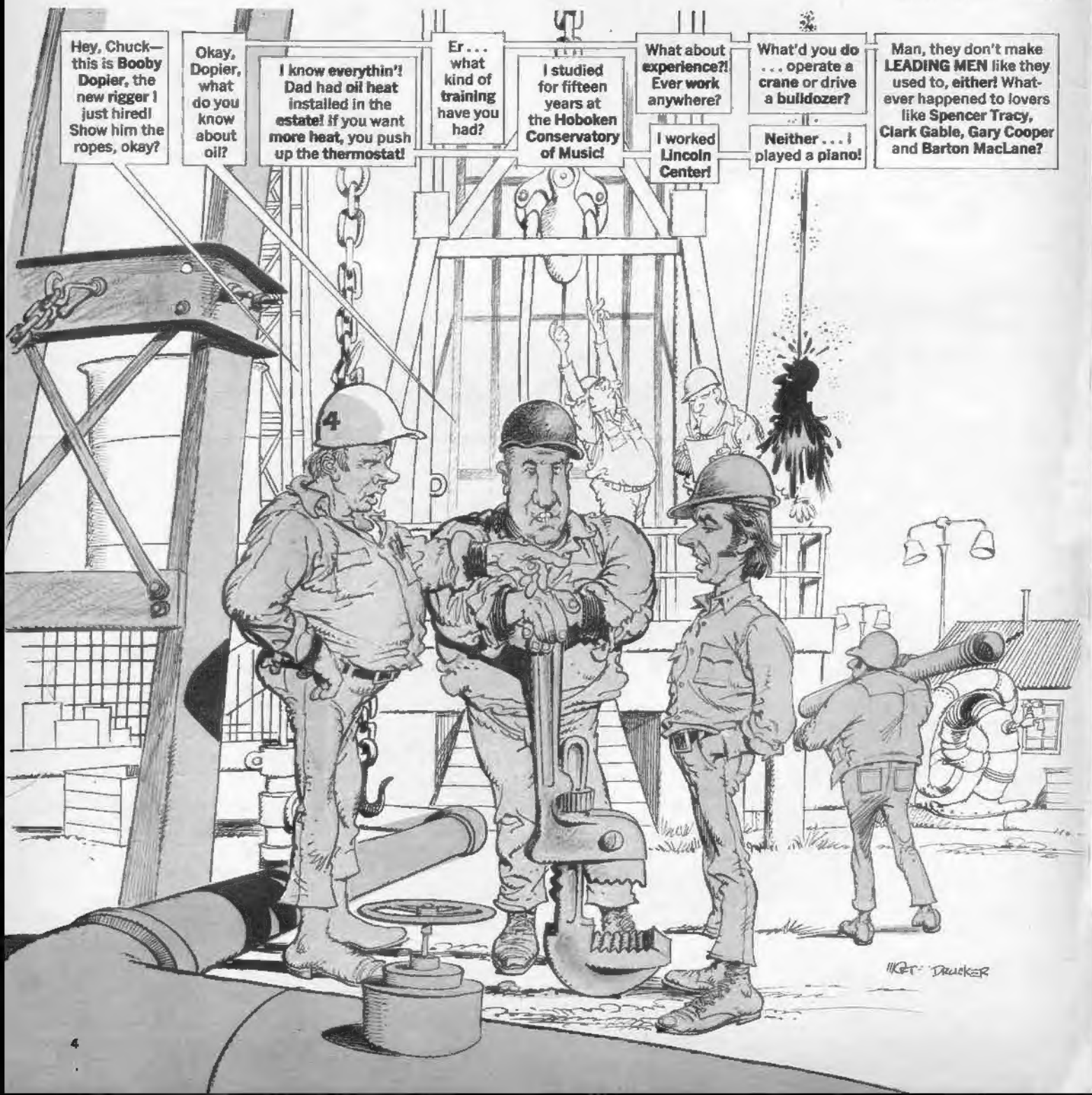
CALLOUS KEY BUM DEPT.

Hollywood has been quick to cash in on the current trend among young people to drop out of our Establishment-oriented society by turning out a series of "Anti-Success" or "Drop-Out" movies. These films have dropped the "hero", the "plot" and the "dialogue"! In fact, the only thing they haven't dropped is the admission price! Here, then, is our version of filmland's latest salute to the cop-out . . . all wrapped up in—

FIVE EA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



SY PAGES!

AND TWO HARD ONES!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

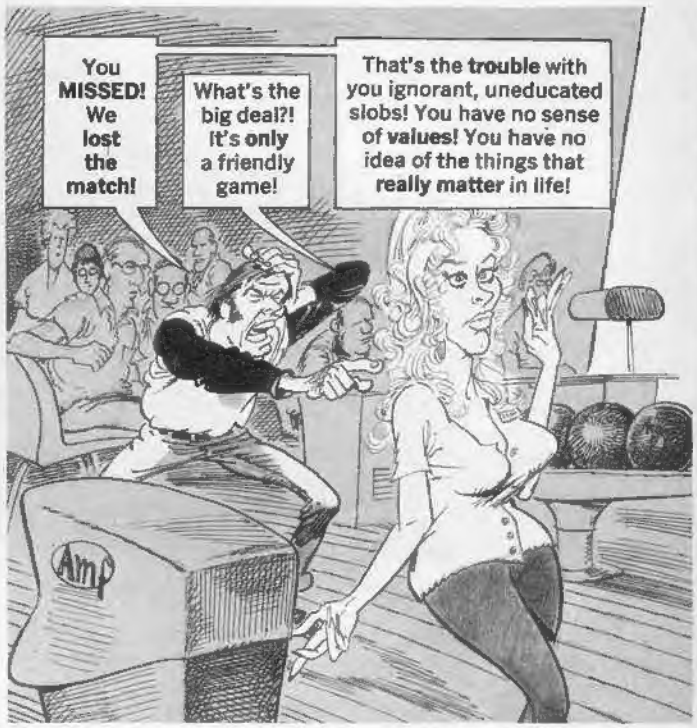
What'll we do **tonight**, Booby? Let's have some **fun!** I'll do anythin' you **want** . . . hint-hint!!

Let's have some **REAL** fun! Let's go **bowling!**

Man, they just don't **make** oil riggers like they **used** to! Whatever happened to guys like **Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper** and **Barton MacLane?!**

Barton MacLane?!? Barton MacLane was **no LOVER!!**

Oh, **yeah?!** Compared to **YOU,** he was!



GO WAIT IN THE CAR!!

You shouldn't oughta **holler at** Layette the way you do, Boob! She's—she's **pregnant!**

Will you stop buttin' in with **insignificant, trivial matters** when I'm discussin' somethin' **important** and **serious** . . . like **BOWLING!!**

Wal, Ah thank you ought t' get yo'self **married, settle down,** an' **raise a family!** There's nuthin' **like it,** le'me **tell** yuh!

Uh . . . Jus' seein' how the **other half** lives!

Oh, **yeah?!** Then what are you doin' **HERE** with me?

I don't **blame** you for not wanting to get married! I was married once . . . but my husband **didn't understand** me!

I was married— and **MY** husband didn't understand **ME, either!** And when I was a **kid,** my **MOTHER** didn't understand me!

See why I'm stayin' single, Elkhorn?! If I was to get married and settle down, Ah would **miss** meetin' so many **beautiful, fascinatin' people** an' havin' these **stimulatin' intellectual conversations!**

C'mon, Boob! Let's go! **Layette's** still waitin' in the **car!**

What's the **big rush?** It's **only** been **two days!**

Hey, Booby! Stop playin' that **piano** and **get down** from there!

Why? Does my piano playin' **embarrass you,** Elkhorn?

No . . . your piano playin' drowns out the **Hillbilly Music** on my **car radio!**

Millions of cars on the road and I have to get stuck behind a pianist that plays like an **oil rigger!**

What a shocking and ridiculous way to play the piano! There's **no candelabra!!**

CHOPIN?!? Good grief! Doesn't he know any **Beethoven?!**

It's times like these that I feel like **dropping out** of music and getting a nice quiet job in the **oil fields!**

Ah wants my kid t' **finish school** so's he don't end up **workin'— like me!**

Elkhorn, you're **stupid!** You got it **made!** Why do you think **I** dropped out?! Look . . . the **best** part of school is **Summer Vacation,** right? An' **durin'** vacation, most kids get the'selves **jobs** doin' **manual labor,** right? So being a **laborer** —your **whole life** is like a **Summer Vacation!**

Hey! What's goin **on?!** Why are you guys beatin' up on my **friend** here?

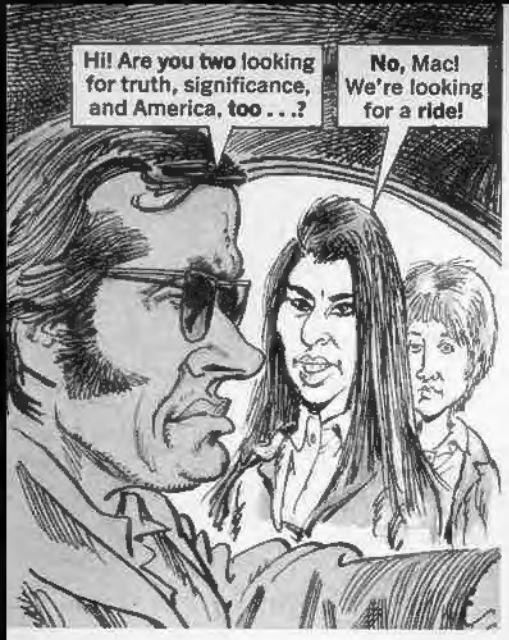
We're takin' him to **jail!**

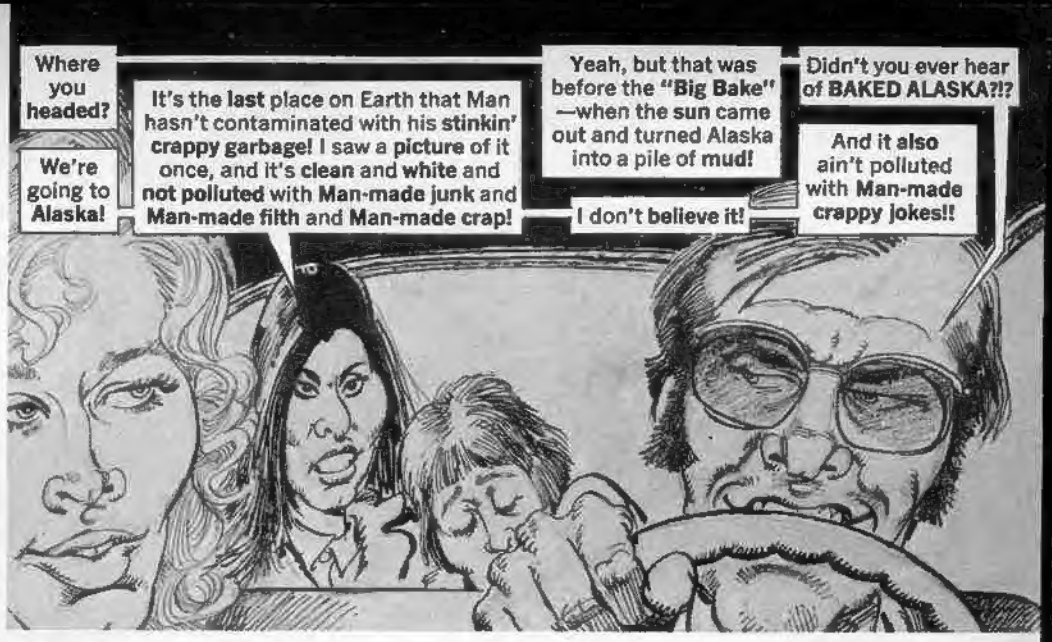
JAIL?! Elkhorn—you?!

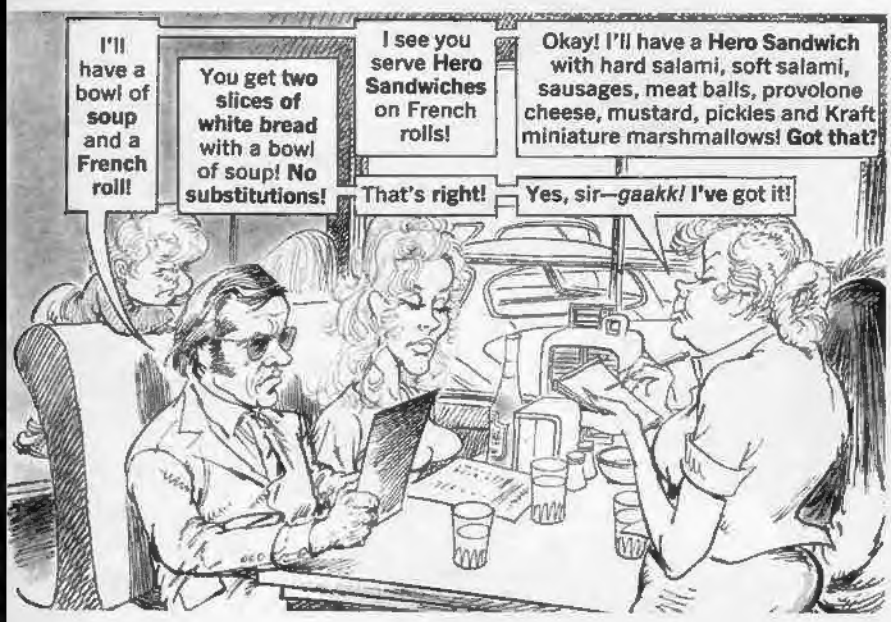
What makes yuh think **INTELLECTUALS** are the **only ones** who're **dissatisfied,** Booby?

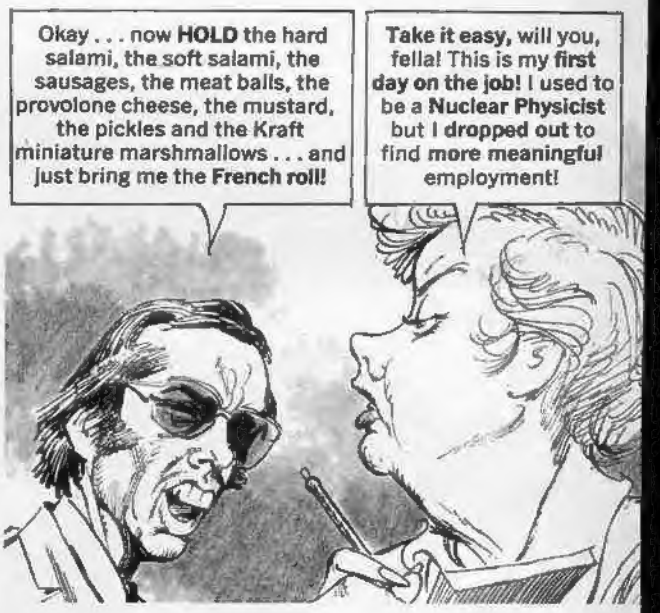
I used t' be a **HOLDUP MAN! I dropped out** t' find **more meaningful** employment!

Miss Dopier—your brother Booby is here! Take ten . . .
Boy, do I have an Excedrin headache!
Hi, Sis! I see you're still the same sweet loveable neurotic!
I'm glad you came, Booby! I'm afraid I have some bad news!
You mean I might have to listen to you play the piano!?
No . . . nothing as bad as that! It's about Father! He's had two strokes!
Gee . . . that IS bad news! Because THREE strokes and you're OUT! Har-de-har-har!
Oh, Booby! I really miss your warm, gay humor!
I gotta go back home, Layette! My Father's had two strokes an' he's very sick!
Take me with you!
Nothin' doin'! One look at you an' he'll have ANOTHER one! That'd kill him!
Is he havin' a temper tantrum because Layette is pregnant an' he can't bring himself to leave her?
&¢%$#*# @! &¢%$#* @!
No, he's havin' a temper tantrum because the car dropped out—an' he can't start it!
Okay! You can come if you want to!
I sure am glad you changed your mind! I guess, down deep, you realized you really love me!
No, I realized it'll be a long trip and I'll need somebody to scream at, and abuse!
Hey, what's happening? Where are all you guys goin'? To work . . . ??
Man, like we don't work! We've all dropped out!
Yeah! Like we're all looking for something! I'm looking for America!
And I'm looking for truth!
And I'm looking for significance!
I'm looking for an honest man!
I'm looking for the Holy Grail!
I'm looking for broads!
Hey, Man! What are you two guys doin' on the road? You're over 30!
Listen, kid! Who do you think started these "Drop-Out-And-Hit-The-Road" pictures?!
ROAD TO MORROCO
ROAD TO RIO

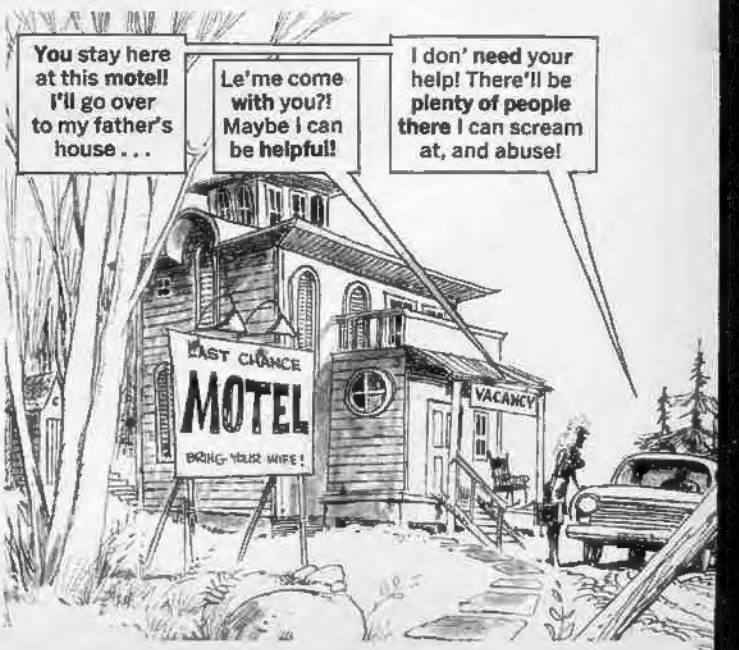

Hi! Are you two looking for truth, significance, and America, too . . .?
No, Mac! We're looking for a ride!


Where you headed?
We're going to Alaska!
It's the last place on Earth that Man hasn't contaminated with his stinkin' crappy garbage! I saw a picture of it once, and it's clean and white and not polluted with Man-made junk and Man-made filth and Man-made crap!
Yeah, but that was before the "Big Bake" —when the sun came out and turned Alaska into a pile of mud!
I don't believe it!
Didn't you ever hear of BAKED ALASKA?!?
And it also ain't polluted with Man-made crappy jokes!!


I'll have a bowl of soup and a French roll!
You get two slices of white bread with a bowl of soup! No substitutions!
I see you serve Hero Sandwiches on French rolls!
That's right!
Okay! I'll have a Hero Sandwich with hard salami, soft salami, sausages, meat balls, provolone cheese, mustard, pickles and Kraft miniature marshmallows! Got that?
Yes, sir—gaakk! I've got it!


Okay . . . now HOLD the hard salami, the soft salami, the sausages, the meat balls, the provolone cheese, the mustard, the pickles and the Kraft miniature marshmallows . . . and just bring me the French roll!
Take it easy, will you, fella! This is my first day on the job! I used to be a Nuclear Physicist but I dropped out to find more meaningful employment!

Crap! That's all Man is involved in! Crap! Filth! Pollution! It stinks!
Okay! Out of the car! NOW!
Ah sure am glad you're getting rid of them, Booby! Is she making YOU sick, too?
I'll say! She's trying to do what I did in "Easy Rider"! She's doing a ten minute cameo bit, and she's stealing the picture!
TURN RIGHT FOR JOHN'S BARGAIN STORE


You stay here at this motel! I'll go over to my father's house . . .
Le'me come with you?! Maybe I can be helpful!
I don' need your help! There'll be plenty of people there I can scream at, and abuse!
LAST CHANCE MOTEL
BRING YOUR WIFE!
VACANCY

Welcome home, Booby . . .
Hi, Tedia! Gee, I hardly recognize Dad!
You mean because of the wheel-chair?!
No . . because it's the first time I've seen him without his whip!
And brother Curl . . . Man, you sure look ridiculous in that neck brace! I'll bet you're a scream on the concert stage . . . trying to tuck your violin under your chin!
Ooooh, Booby! You're so mean to Curl!
I'm not bein' mean! I'm jus' tellin' it like it is! Hey . . . look at me! I got a broken neck! Don't I walk funny?!?
Giggle! I'm glad you came home, Booby! We don't get many laughs when you're not around!
It's a shame that a man of your obvious SENSITIVE nature gave up a career in music!
I'm Cathruin, your brother's fiancée and pupil!
What's he teachin' you . . .? How to be miserable?!
Booby, please play the piano for me!
That was just beautiful! Such warmth and inner feeling! Now you can make love to me!
Gee, this is the first time I ever scored with "Chopsticks"! Usually, I have to play sexy numbers like "When The Red-Red-Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along!"
I—I still can't get over your fantastic performance, Booby!
I'm not talking about the piano!
Heck, I did it better when I was 8-years-old!
Ne.ther am I!
I got lonesome at the motel, Booby—that's why I came! I mean, I been at lots of motels . . . but never ALONE!
You're welcome to stay here!
Please pass the coffee!
Would you like it with cream?
No, I like it black!
Draw one—Hold the cow!!
What a colorful choice of words! Let me point out . . .
Don't you know it's rude to point, you ol' bag?! You're full of &¢%$! You're ALL full of &¢%$!!
I see Booby still has his temper tantrums!
This one's nuthin'! Sometimes he holds his breath till he turns blue!

What in heck is goin' ON here?!

What's it look like?! I never thought YOU'D object! Isn't scoring every chance you get part of your philosophy?!

Yeah, but this is DIFFERENT! She's my Sister!!

How come you're clobbering me when you're only a Male Nurse . . . and I'm a rugged oil field rigger?!

I wasn't always a Male Nurse! I used to be in the music field, but I dropped out to find a more rewarding profession!

You were a musician?!

No, I was a piano mover!!

I'm sorry, Booby! I can't go away with you!

Why not? What can my brother offer you? Money? Security? Is that all you want out of life? Did you ever drink beer right out of the can? Or send out for pizza? Or bowl a strike? Were you ever pregnant . . . and abandoned at a gas station? I can give you all of that!

There's something much more important, Booby! Something you just CAN'T give me!

What's that, Cathruin?

Violin Lessons!!

Dad, I know you think I let you down! And maybe, by your old-fashioned, outmoded standards of success, I AM a failure! But, things have changed! Today, running away from responsibility and DROPPING OUT is what's REALLY IMPORTANT! So, in my own way, I've MADE IT!! I'm a SUCCESS at being UNSUCCESSFUL! So long . . . *sniff-sniff!*

Why, Booby, you're cryin'! That's so touchin'! I haven't seen you cry since you lost a Monopoly Game! You must really love your ol' Daddy!

It's not that! He just sat there like a vegetable! He reminded me of an onion . . . and I ALWAYS cry when I'm around onions!

I sure am glad we're leavin' this place!

Why? Did you find the people pompous, stuffy, boring and overbearing . . . and the atmosphere deadly and oppressive?

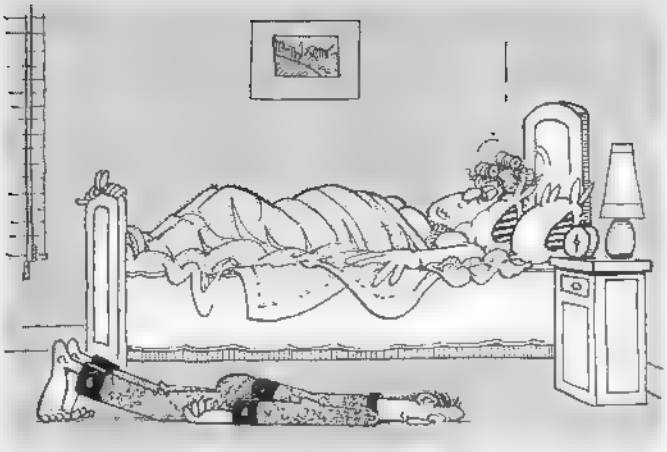
Worse than that! I helped set the table and clear away the dishes, and nobody ever left me a TIP!!

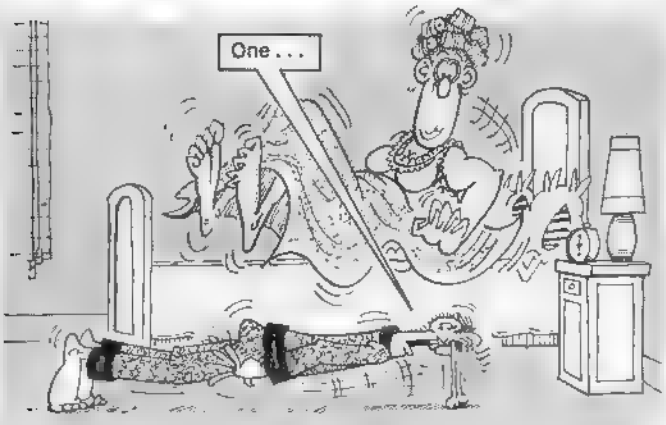
EDITOR'S NOTE!

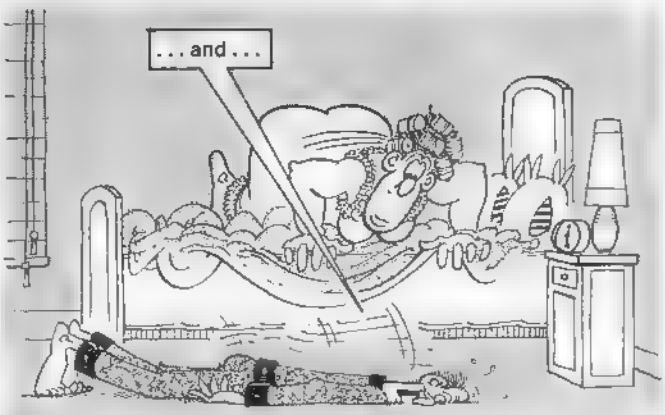
We apologize for not being able to show you our version of the exciting climax of this film . . . but unfortunately, the *writer* and *artist* decided to *drop out* . . . and were last seen hitching a ride on a truck headed north into Canada.

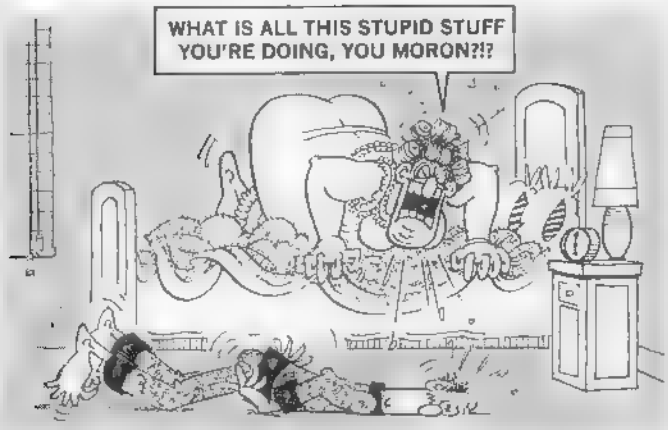
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

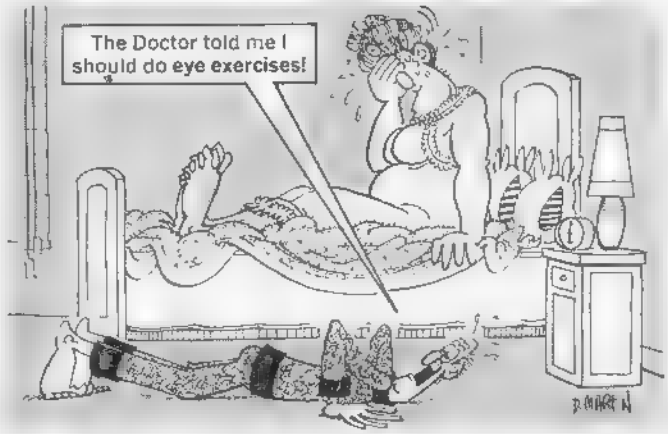
VERY EARLY ONE MORNING











MALIGNANT GROWTH DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

(Or "We've Come

From FLAG RAISERS . . . . . to FLAG WAVERS

From DECORATIONS . . . . . to DECLARATIONS

PHOTOS BY U. I. AND WORLD WIDE

THEN...AND NOW

A Long Way, Baby!")

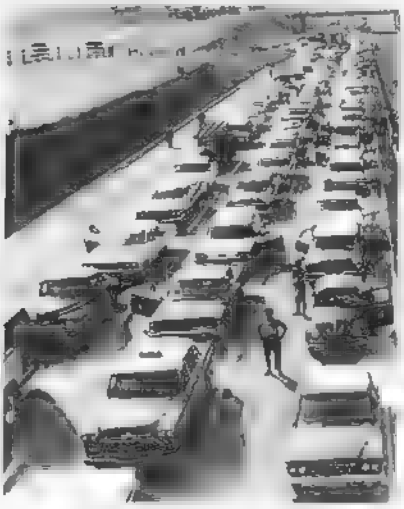
CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL

From THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE . . . . . to THE FEMININE MISTAKE

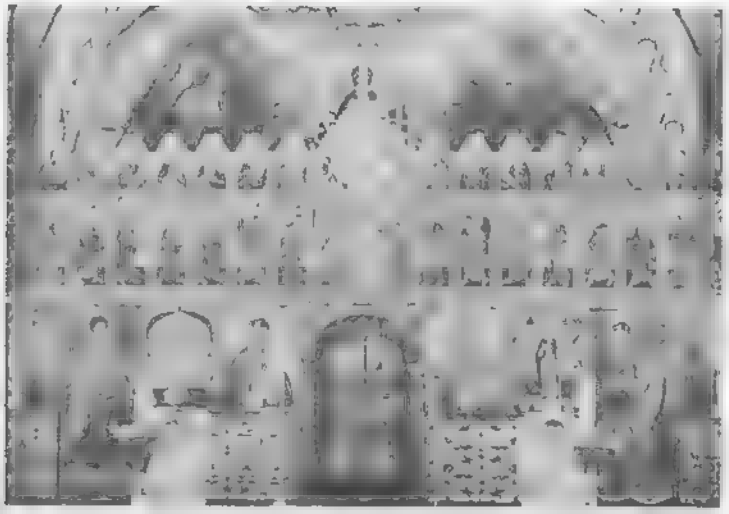
From HERO . . . . . to ZERO

From DISCUS THROWER . . . . . to DISGUSTED THROWER

From PROPHET . . .



From WAGON WHEELS . . . . . to DRAGGIN' WHEELS

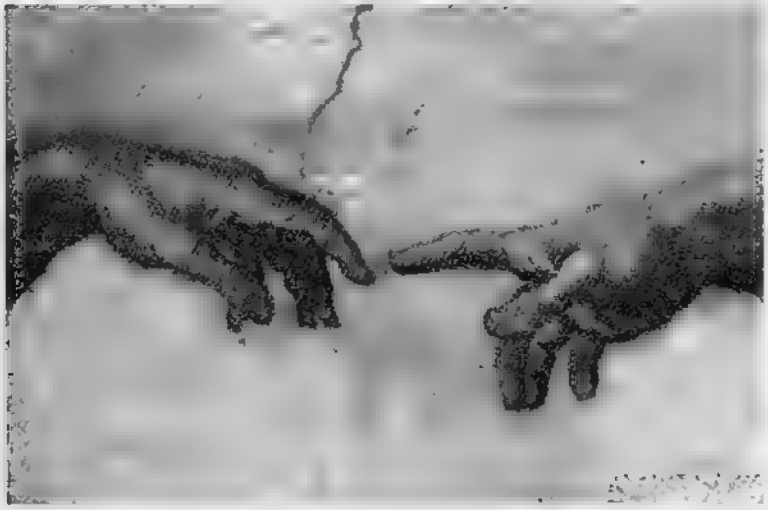


From OLD RUSSIAN ICONS . . . . . to NEW SOVIET ICONS

. . . to LOSS

From ADORATION . . . . . to IMMOLATION

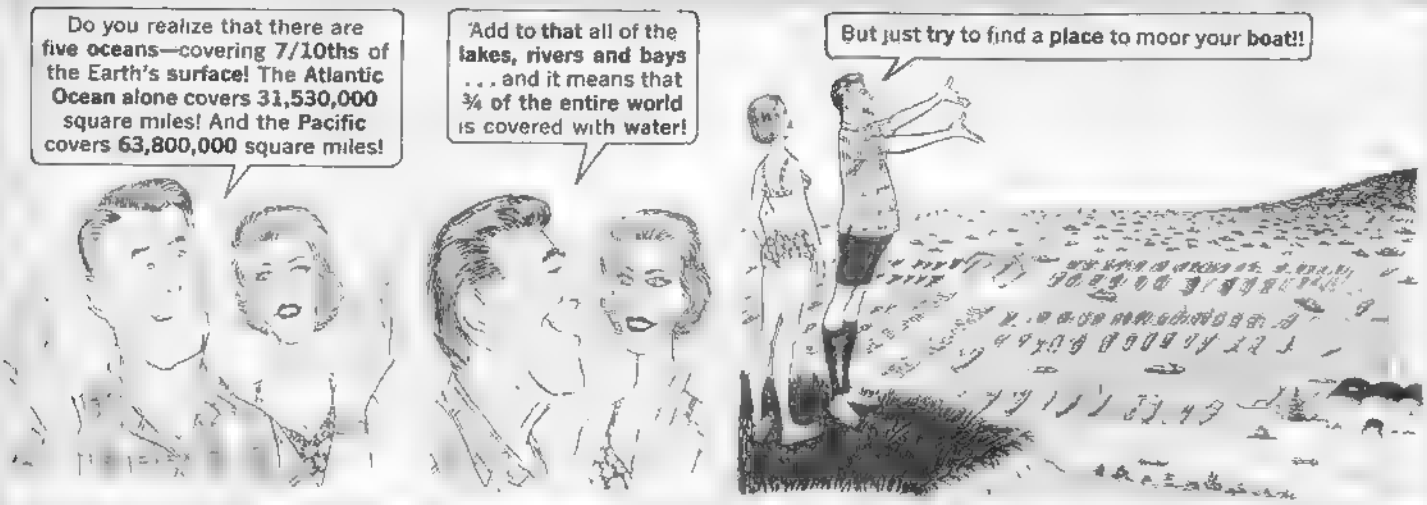
From DECORATION DAYS . . . . . to DESECRATION DAYS

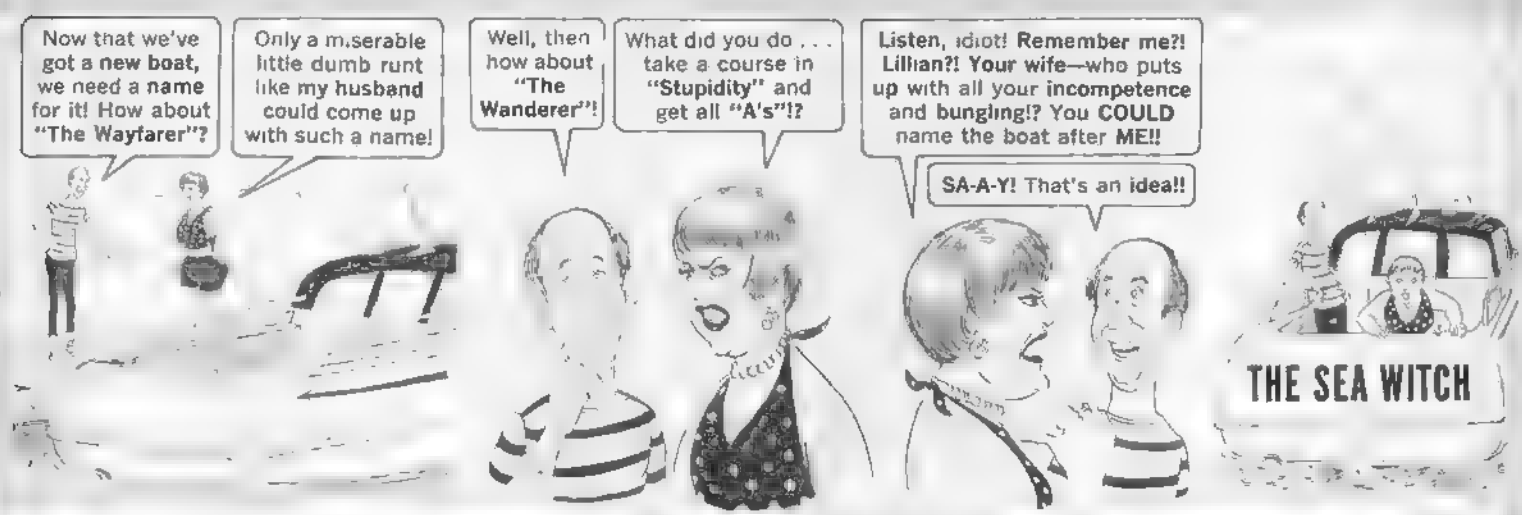


From THE CREATION OF MAN . . . . . to THE DESTRUCTION OF MAN

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

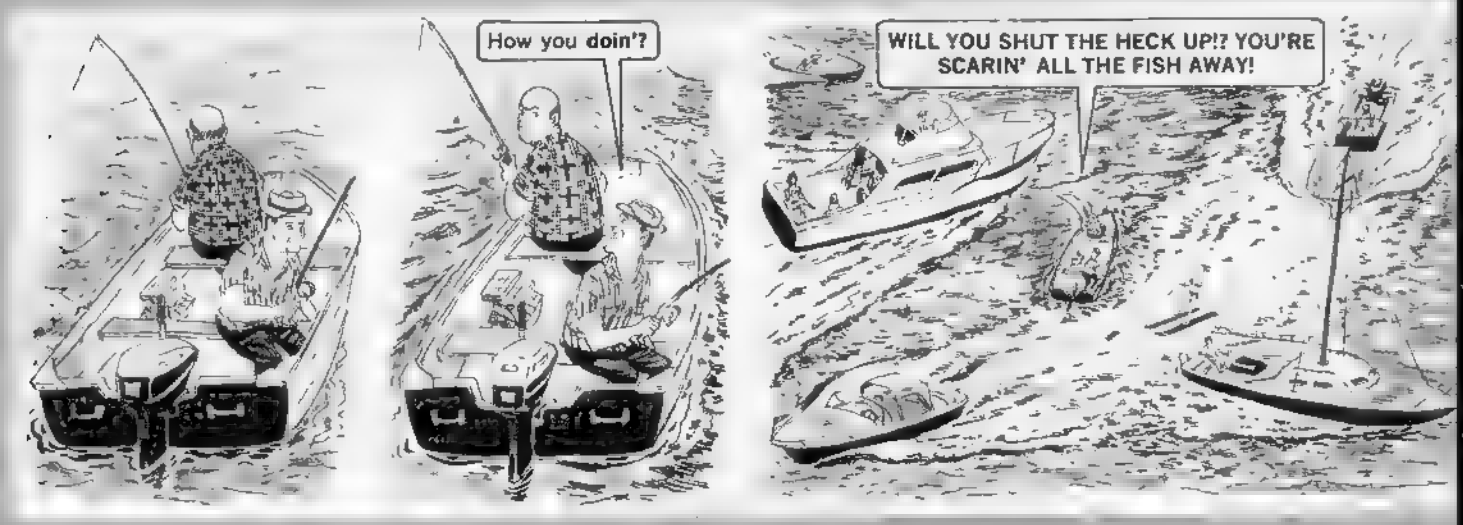
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... BO





ATING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



So long and thank you! We had a great time!
It was our pleasure!
Did you HAVE to admire their yacht?! And when they said, "Would you like to come aboard?"—did you HAVE to accept?!
I was just being friendly! What's wrong with that?
I'll TELL you what's wrong! Now we owe them a visit on this ridiculous boat of OURS!!

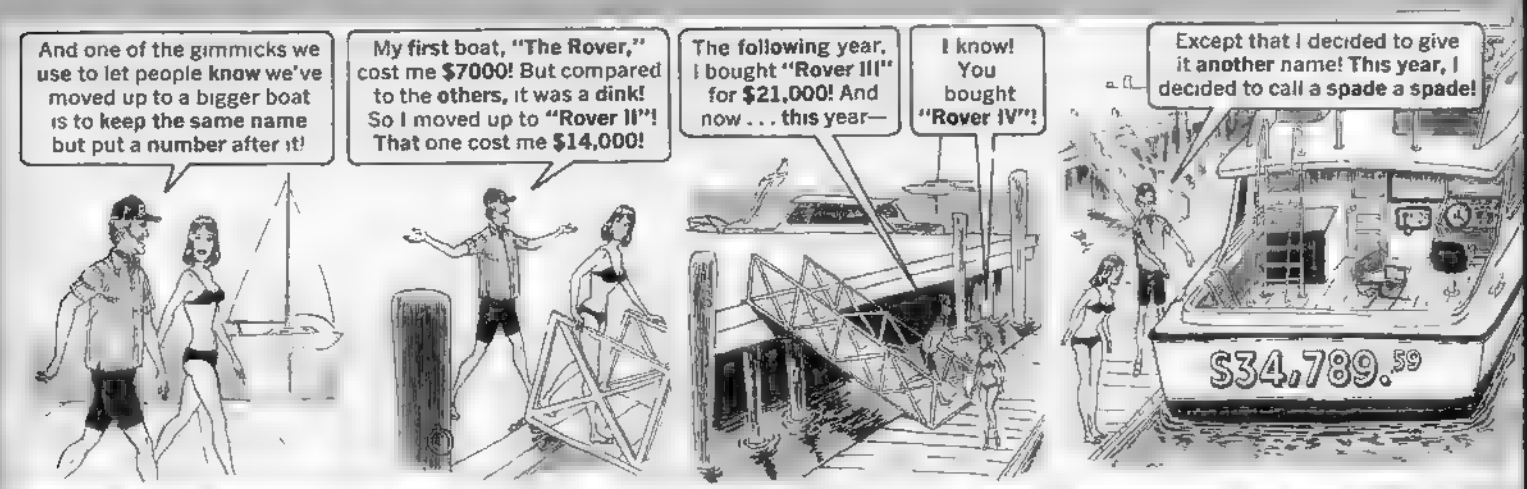
So long, Mom! I'm leaving now to spend the day on Norman's boat!
Hey, did you take your pill?
PILL?!? Oh, my God!!
What kind of wild orgies do you have on that boat of yours?!
Oh, Mother! Not that kind of pill! You've got a dirty mind! Norman is talking about an anti-sea-sickness pill!
Well, that's a relief!!
But thanks for reminding me!!

Boy, look at the McGillas down there! They bought a boat, but they never take it out! They just lie around on the deck and sun themselves! And do you know how much that boat costs? Twenty-five thousand dollars!!
Really?! Twenty-five thousand dollars?!
That's a pretty expensive BEACH CHAIR!!
Let's face it! One of the reasons we buy bigger and bigger boats is to impress our boating friends!

C'mon, Honey! Get up here on the side and help me trim the boat!
Hey! I'm getting wet from the spray! I'm getting down!
You better stay here or we'll capsize!
Capsize, shmapsize! It's better than getting wet!

Here we go again!
Bail, bail, bail! That's all I ever do on this boat!
Where in heck does all the water COME from?!

Just a minute while I shoot the sun with my sextant . . .
Okay! Got it!
Now let me check the charts! Hmmm! Ah—there it is!!
I've got it!
You've got what?
I've charted our location and I know exactly where we are . . . on the button!
. . . THE NEW ROCHELLE MUNICIPAL YACHT CLUB!!


And one of the gimmicks we use to let people know we've moved up to a bigger boat is to keep the same name but put a number after it!
My first boat, "The Rover," cost me $7000! But compared to the others, it was a dink! So I moved up to "Rover II"! That one cost me $14,000!
The following year, I bought "Rover III" for $21,000! And now . . . this year—
I know! You bought "Rover IV"!
Except that I decided to give it another name! This year, I decided to call a spade a spade!
$34,789.59

Look at those nuts! They're waving at us like crazy!
Oh, that! It's sort of an unwritten law of the sea! When two boats pass, everybody waves at each other!
Well, in that case—
HI, THERE!!
Arnold! They're not stopping! !
YOU STUPID IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE SINKING?!!

Oh, wow! Look at Roger Kaputnik, there! When he told me he'd bought a boat, I imagined it was a little nothing runabout! But look at that! Wow!

So there you are! I was worried sick about you! I was just about to call all the hospitals! Where were you all this time?

You KNOW where I was! Taking my Power Squadron course in "Navigation"! Today was Graduation Day!

So . . . how long does it take to graduate from Navigation School?

N-not very long! But traveling was time-consuming!

The school isn't THAT far away!!

I got lost!

Why don't you watch where you're going, you idiot?!

I have the right of way!

The HELL you do!!

It says so right here in the regulations!

"A sail boat has the right of way over a power boat!"

Rita! Guess what! The Yacht Club finally accepted me!

That's great, Norman, but—

After years of having my name on a waiting list—and after three members vouched for me—and after I was thoroughly investigated, I made it!!

That's great, Norman—but the Membership Fees are so high!! Where did you get the money?

Don't worry! I managed to raise the dough!

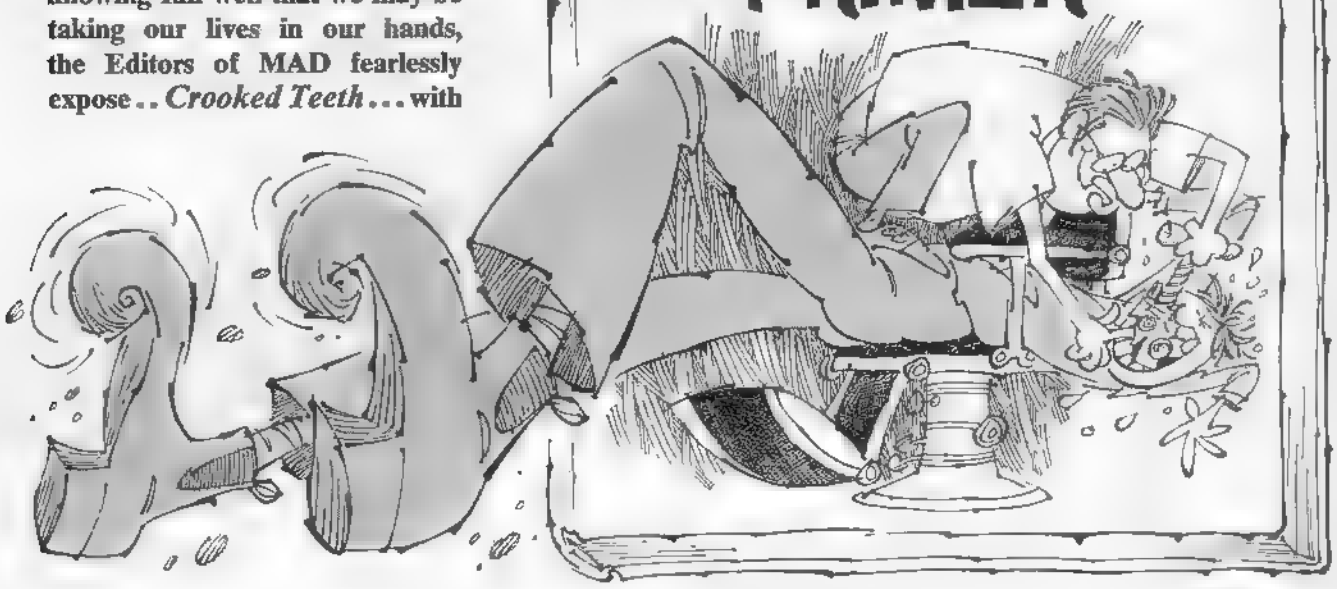
HOW!?

I sold our boat!

CHEWING GLUM DEPT.

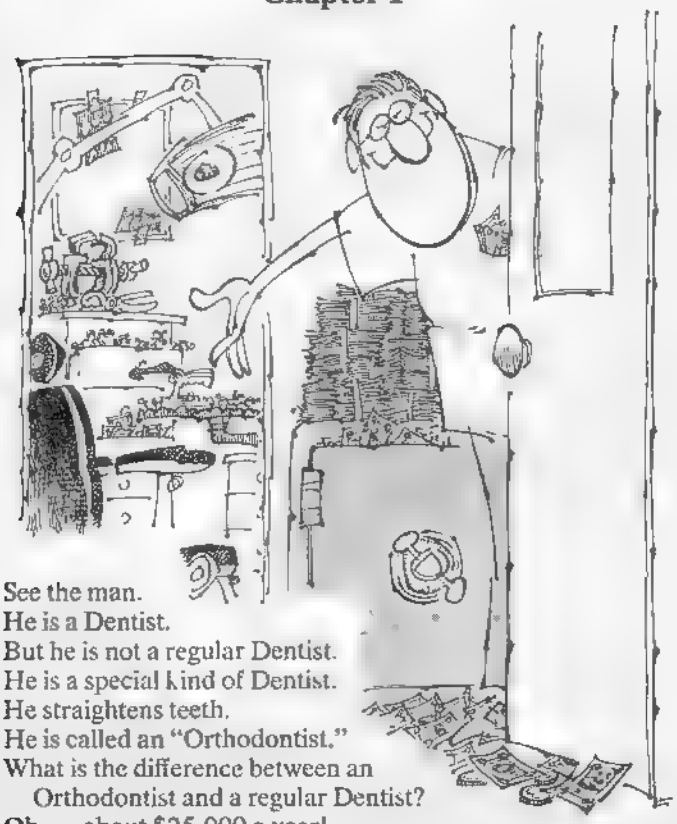
Nowadays, everything is crooked! Politics is crooked, Real Estate is crooked, Religion is crooked, the TV Repair business is crooked, the Auto Repair business is crooked, etc. Well, we've found one thing that's more crooked than all the rest, and nobody seems to say much about it! So, knowing full well that we may be taking our lives in our hands, the Editors of MAD fearlessly expose . . *Crooked Teeth* . . . with

THE MAD ORTHODONTIA PRIMER



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Chapter 1



See the man.
He is a Dentist.
But he is not a regular Dentist.
He is a special kind of Dentist.
He straightens teeth.
He is called an "Orthodontist."
What is the difference between an
Orthodontist and a regular Dentist?
Oh . . . about $25,000 a year!

Chapter 2

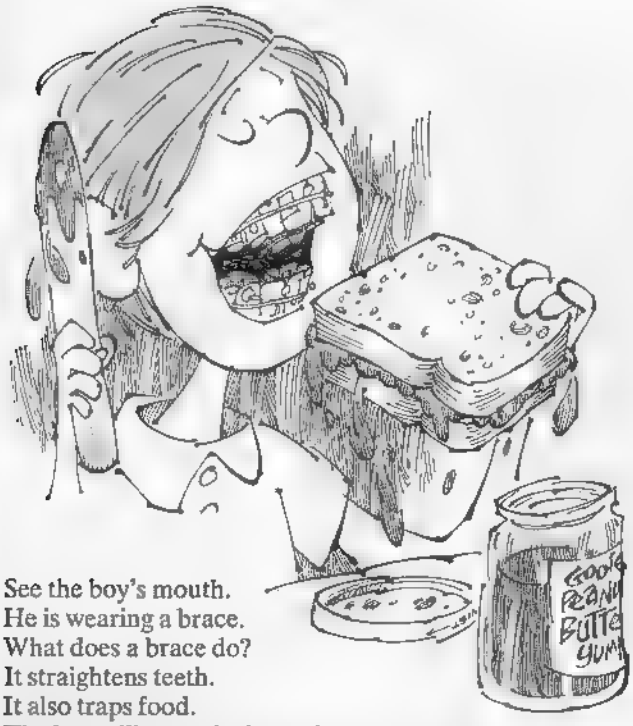
See the boy.
See the funny way his teeth stick out of his mouth.
His parents have brought him to the Orthodontist
To see if anything can be done.
The Orthodontist has a name for this condition.
He tells the parents he has found a "malocclusion."
The Orthodontist has another name for this condition.
He tells himself he has found a "gold mine."

Chapter 3

See the parents.
They are very uncertain.
They do not know if they want to spend a fortune
to have the boy's teeth straightened.
But the Orthodontist is very helpful.
"Can you picture your son as a teenager?" he asks.
The parents picture their son as a teenager.

They see him in faded torn jeans and a dirty undershirt.
They see him with long, wild hair hanging over his face.
They see his face covered with pimples.
"Yes, we can picture our son as a teenager," they say.
"Now . . . why should we have his teeth straightened?"
"Because if you don't," says the Orthodontist,
"He will grow up to be ugly!"

Chapter 4

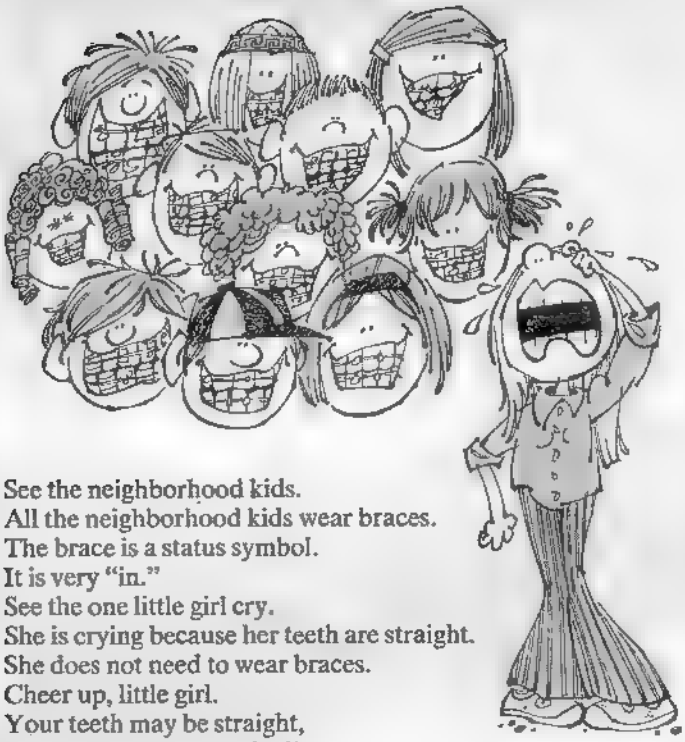


See the boy's mouth.
He is wearing a brace.
What does a brace do?
It straightens teeth.
It also traps food.
The boy will wear the brace for two years
Tonight, he will eat a sandwich.
The boy will also wear peanut butter for two years.

Chapter 5

See the boy.
What is he wearing now?
It is called a "night brace."
It fits over two wire hooks
Over two wire coils
Over his regular wire brace.
The boy's parents are going out for the evening.
They are leaving him two emergency telephone numbers.
The family doctor . . .
And the family electrician.

Chapter 6



See the neighborhood kids.
All the neighborhood kids wear braces.
The brace is a status symbol.
It is very "in."
See the one little girl cry.
She is crying because her teeth are straight.
She does not need to wear braces.
Cheer up, little girl.
Your teeth may be straight,
But your eyes are crooked!
Perhaps you will soon wear mod, wire-framed Granny glasses.
The Good Lord willing.

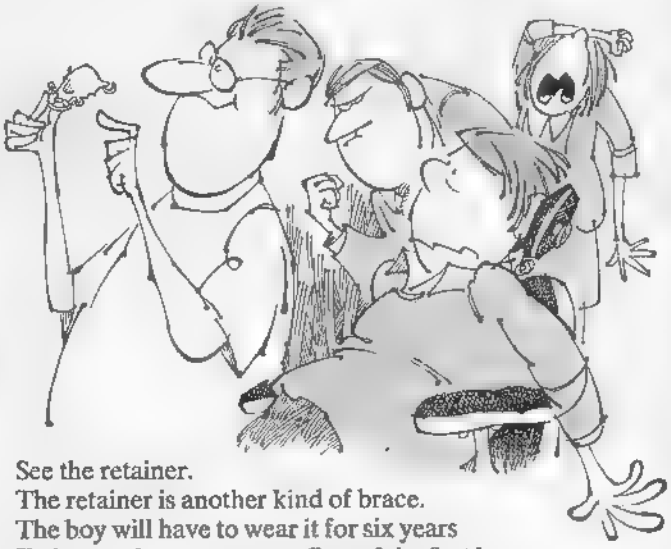
Chapter 7

The two years are up.
See the boy's teeth now.
They are all straight.
See the boy and his family walking to the Orthodontist
For the last time.
The Orthodontist will take off the boy's brace.
Why is the family walking to the Orthodontist?
Why don't they ride in the father's nice Buick?
Because the father doesn't have his nice Buick anymore.
He had to sell it to pay for the boy's braces.

Chapter 8

See the Orthodontist.
He is removing the boy's brace.
The boy will never have to wear a brace again.
Ever.
The boy is happy.
The boy's family is happy.
Poor, but happy.
However . . .
To make sure his teeth remain straight,
The Orthodontist announces
That the boy will have to wear a retainer.

Chapter 9



See the retainer.
The retainer is another kind of brace.
The boy will have to wear it for six years
To insure the permanent effect of the first brace.
Isn't that nice?
Of course, there will be a slight charge for the retainer . . .
Plus for each visit over the next six years.
Isn't *that* nice?
In one minute, the Orthodontist will have crooked teeth.
He will call it a "malocclusion."
The boy's father will call it "a punch in the mouth."

THAT SINKIN

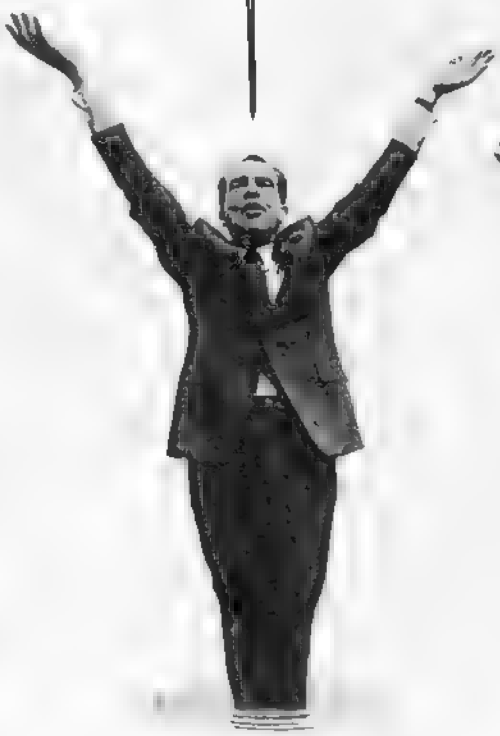
MARCH 5th, 1968

I pledge to you the new leadership will end the war and win the peace.

MAY 15th, 1969

Abandoning the South Vietnamese people would jeopardize more than lives in South Vietnam. It would threaten our long-term hopes for peace in the world.

Let me be quite blunt. Our fighting men are not going to be worn down. Our mediators are not going to be talked down. And our allies are not going to be let down.



MARCH 6th, 1970

Our goal in Laos has been and continues to be to reduce American involvement and not to increase it, to bring peace . . . and not to prolong the war.

The levels of our assistance has risen in response to the growth of North Vietnamese activities.

As Commander-In-Chief of our armed forces, I consider it my responsibility to use air power to interdict the flow of troops and supplies across Laotian territory on the Ho Chi Minh trail.

IG FEELING...

IDEA: MAX BRANDEL RESEARCH: FRANK JACOBS WRITER: RICHARD M. NIXON

APRIL 30th, 1970

In cooperation with the armed forces of South Vietnam, attacks are being launched this week to clean out major enemy sanctuaries on the Cambodian-Vietnam border.

This is not an invasion of Cambodia. Our purpose is not to occupy the areas. Once enemy forces are driven out of these sanctuaries and once their military supplies are destroyed, we will withdraw.

We take this action, not for the purpose of expanding the war into Cambodia, but for the purpose of ending the war in Vietnam and winning the just peace we all desire.

JANUARY 5th, 1971

I have no desire to resume the bombing of North Vietnam. We do not want to go back to the bombing of the strategic targets in North Vietnam, and we do not want, even, to bomb military targets unless it becomes necessary to do so—and this is the key point—to protect American forces . . .

Now the President of the United States as Commander-In-Chief owes a responsibility to those men to see that they are not subjected to an overwhelming attack from the north . . .

That's why we must continue reconnaissance. And that is why, also, if the enemy at a time when we are trying to de-escalate, starts to build up its infiltration, starts moving troops and supplies, then I as Commander-In-Chief will have to order bombing strikes on those key areas.

FEBRUARY 25th, 1971

Hanoi has made the war an Indochina conflict. In South Vietnam there are some 100,000 North Vietnamese troops. In Laos there are 90,000. In Cambodia there are over 50,000 North Vietnamese and Vietcong. These troops challenge the legitimate governments of Laos and Cambodia . . .

But our immediate concern is that North Vietnam uses them as springboards for assaults on a country where we have a firm commitment, have invested lives, treasure and prestige, and have Americans to protect as we progressively withdraw.

Furthermore, if Hanoi were to gain control of Laos and Cambodia, a large portion of the more than 140,000 Communist troops now engaged in these countries would be freed to fight in South Vietnam. To date, Hanoi has rejected diplomacy and spread the conflict.

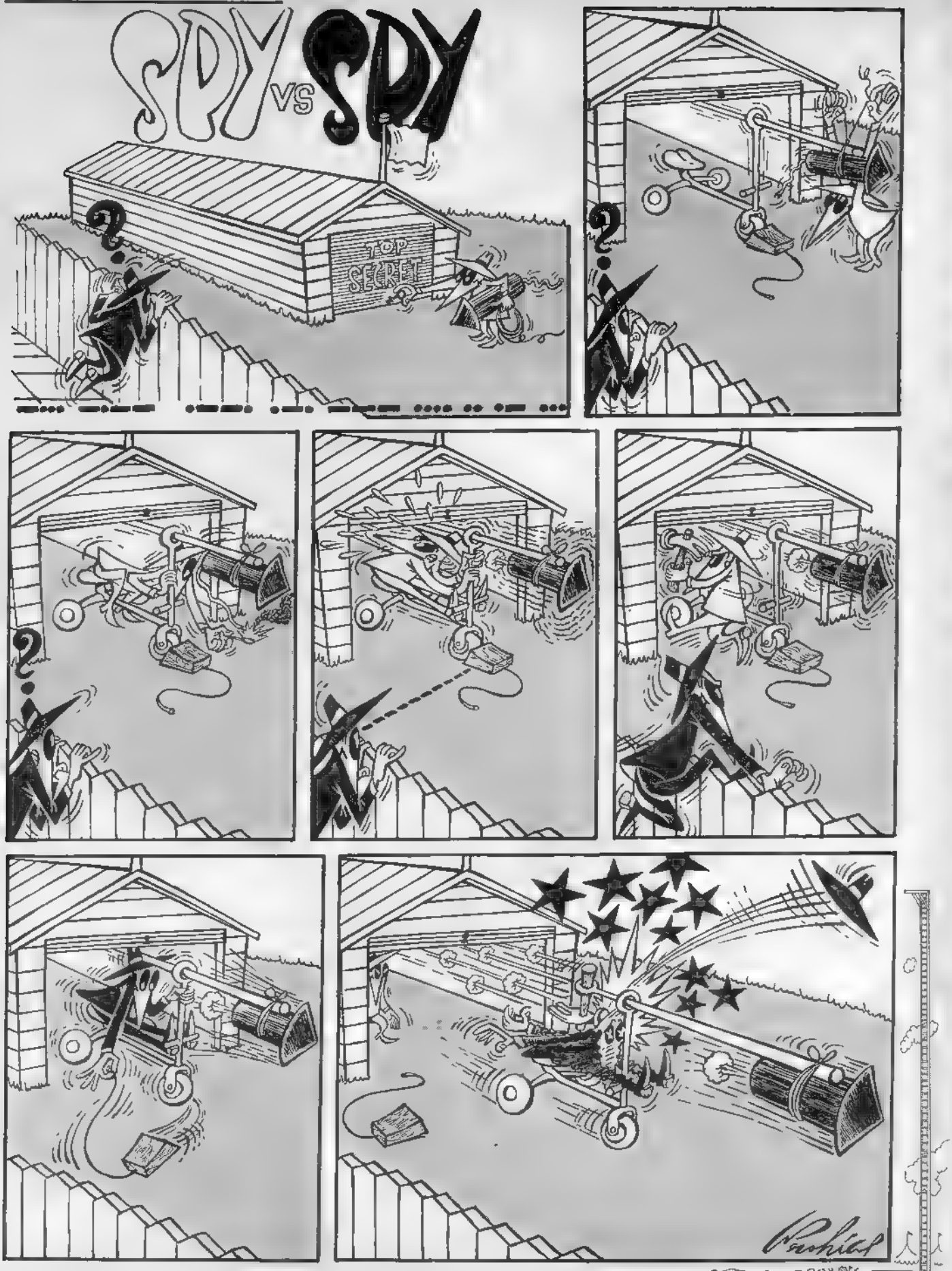
The Laos Government for many years, and the Cambodian Government this year, have turned to us and others for assistance . . .

If winding down the war is my greatest satisfaction in foreign policy, the failure to end it is my deepest disappointment.

PHOTO BY U.P.I.

Source for all quotes: "The New York Times"

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

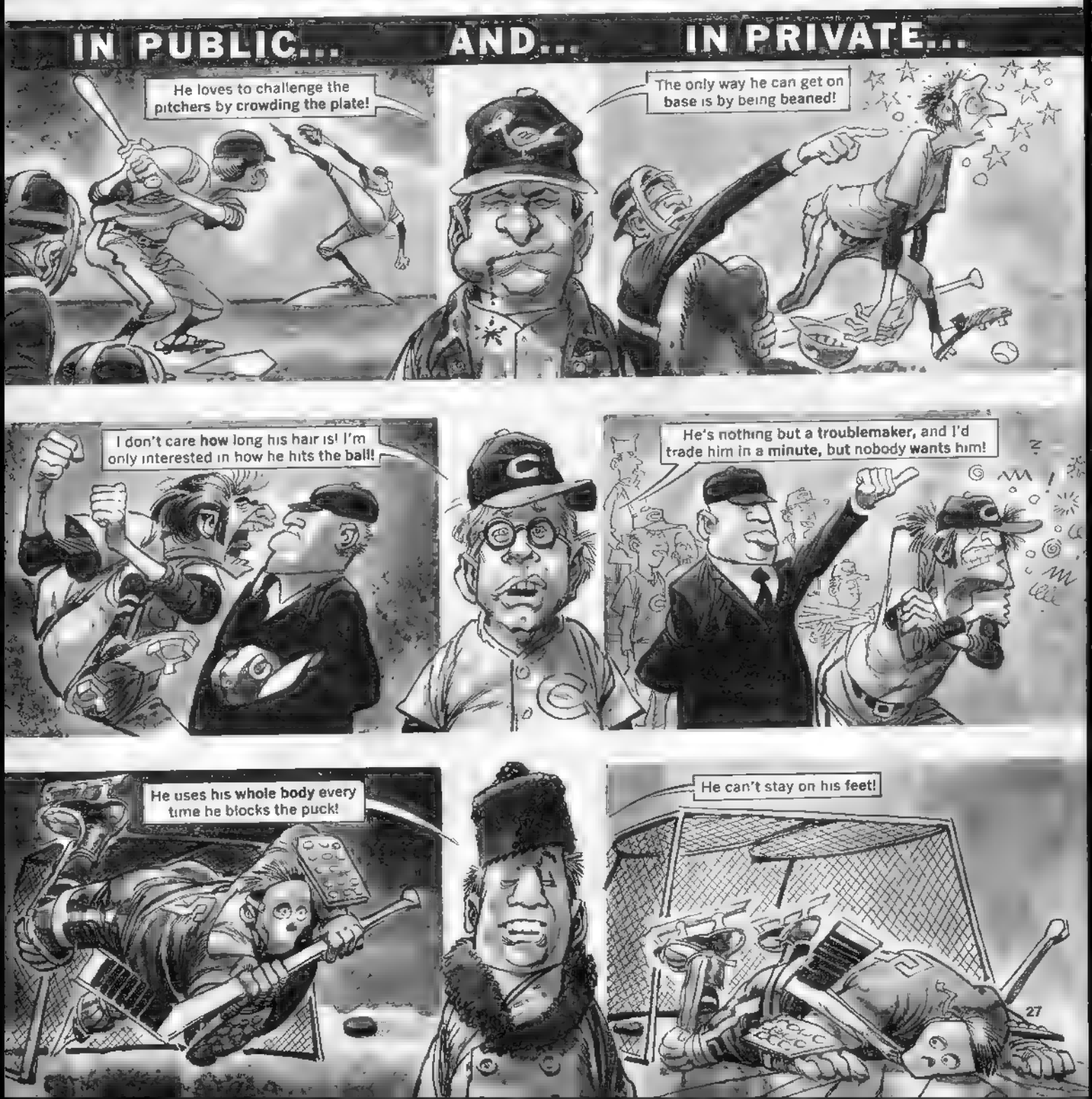


SWITCH PITCH DEPT.

Okay, gang, here we go with another fearless probe into the reliability of statements we read in the newspapers... these from the pages of the Sports Section. Mainly, here we go with a MAD look at...

WHAT COACHES SAY...

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



IN PUBLIC... AND... IN PRIVATE...

IN PUBLIC... AND... IN PRIVATE...

WOW "NOW" CARDS DEPT.

There's a revolution going on and it's not being fought in the jungles of Asia or the mountains of South America. It's being fought in college dormitories, ski lodges, motels, summer resorts, drive-in movies and in

GREETING CARDS FOR T

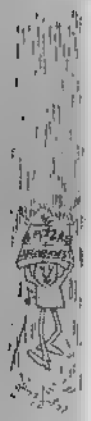
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

To A Very Special Girl

No other chick can match you, kid,
For sensual desire;
Like, wow, you really know the ways
To set a guy on fire;
In gratitude for all those nights
This card is sent with joy
From Marvin, Danny, Harold, Bill,
Sylvester, Fred and Roy!

To A Recent Conquest

I can't forget that date of ours
When passions were inflamed;
You bit, you clawed, you turned into
A savage beast, untamed;
Although the moment that we shared
Was frantic, fierce and thrilling;
I wonder how it might have been
If, sweetheart, you'd been willing!



To A Sex Fetishist

You wear long boots with pointed heels—
They're good for getting kicks;
Your rumpus room is full of whips—
They're great for swinging chicks;

Your weirdo chums wear leather gear
And chain you to a chair;
What fun to have a hobby that
Your friends and you can share!

homes all over America. In case you're out of it, we're talking about the Sexual Revolution. Let us, therefore, salute the valiant fighters in this intimate struggle as we here at MAD — yes, MAD — present . . .

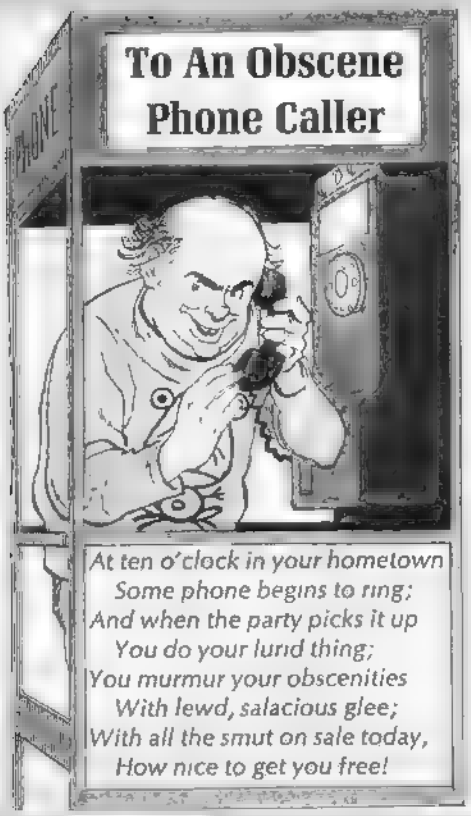
HE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

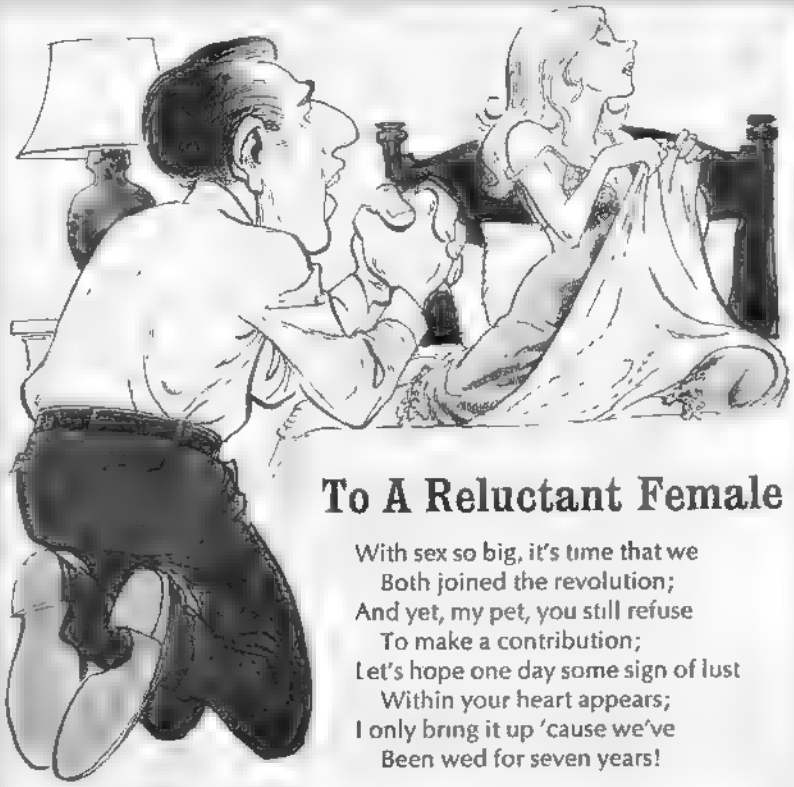
To A Make-Out Artist

You swing with every chick you meet;
You're just a sex-mad creature;
This week you've had a stewardess,
Three stenos and a teacher;
On every date you've always got
A brand-new girl in hand;
Perhaps it's 'cause one night with you
Is all that they can stand!

To An Obscene Phone Caller

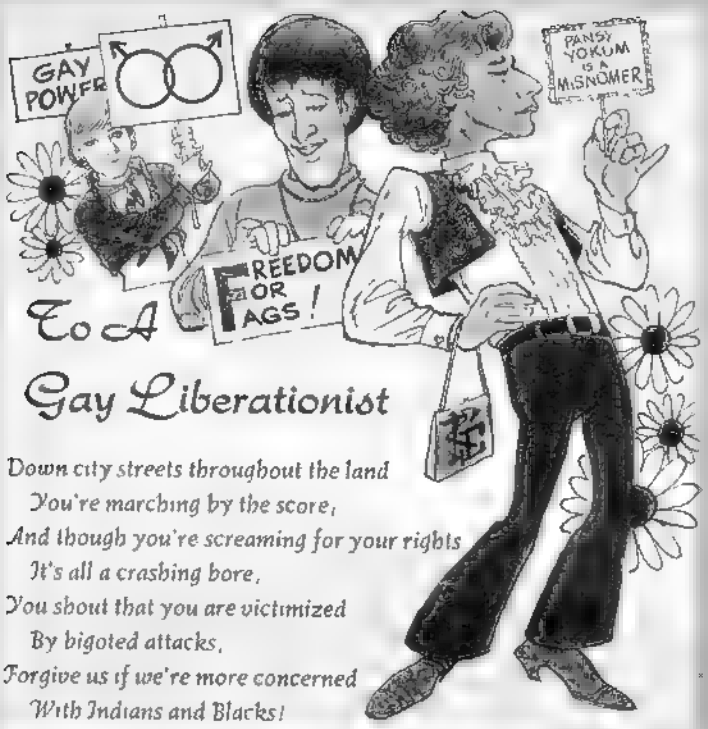


At ten o'clock in your hometown
Some phone begins to ring;
And when the party picks it up
You do your lurid thing;
You murmur your obscenities
With lewd, salacious glee;
With all the smut on sale today,
How nice to get you free!



To A Reluctant Female

With sex so big, it's time that we
Both joined the revolution;
And yet, my pet, you still refuse
To make a contribution;
Let's hope one day some sign of lust
Within your heart appears;
I only bring it up 'cause we've
Been wed for seven years!



To A Gay Liberationist

Down city streets throughout the land
You're marching by the score,
And though you're screaming for your rights
It's all a crashing bore,
You shout that you are victimized
By bigoted attacks,
Forgive us if we're more concerned
With Indians and Blacks!

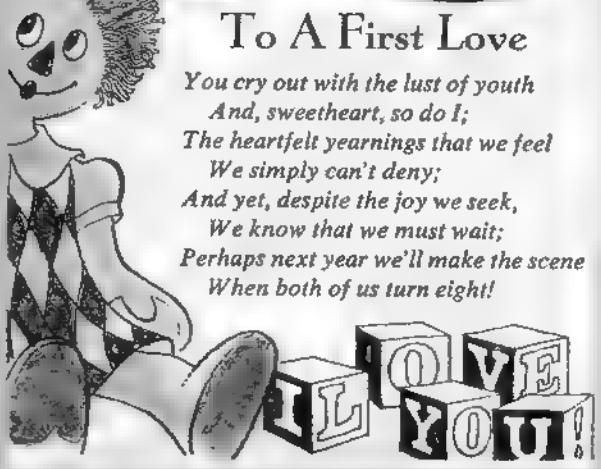
To A Producer Of Skin Flicks

Each picture that you make is like
A sexual excursion—
With mixed-up nymphos, orgies
And a plot of sick perversion;

You should get wise that folks today
Don't think your films are groovy;
With sex in real-life like it is,
Who needs a dirty movie?

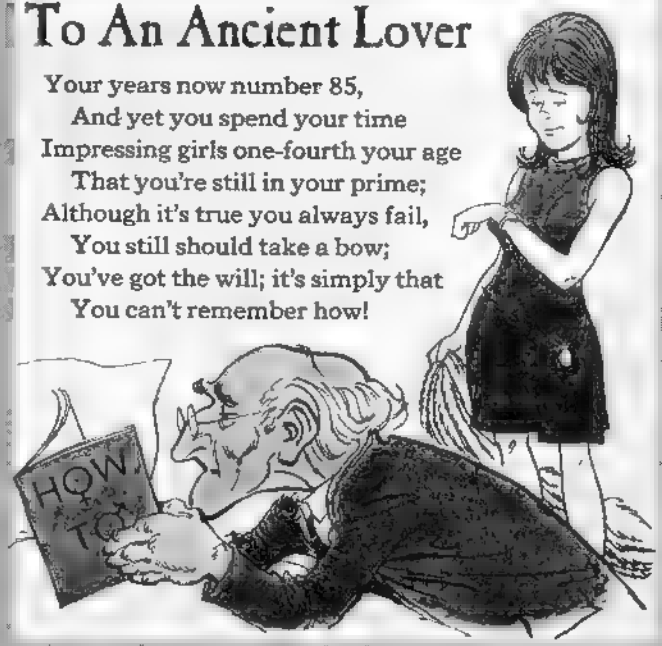
To A First Love

You cry out with the lust of youth
And, sweetheart, so do I;
The heartfelt yearnings that we feel
We simply can't deny;
And yet, despite the joy we seek,
We know that we must wait;
Perhaps next year we'll make the scene
When both of us turn eight!



To An Ancient Lover

Your years now number 85,
And yet you spend your time
Impressing girls one-fourth your age
That you're still in your prime;
Although it's true you always fail,
You still should take a bow;
You've got the will; it's simply that
You can't remember how!



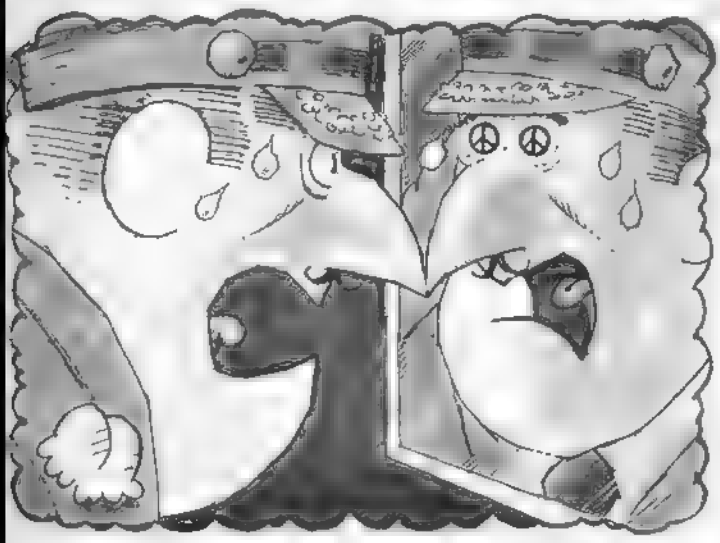
FOWL PLAY DEPT.

MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES

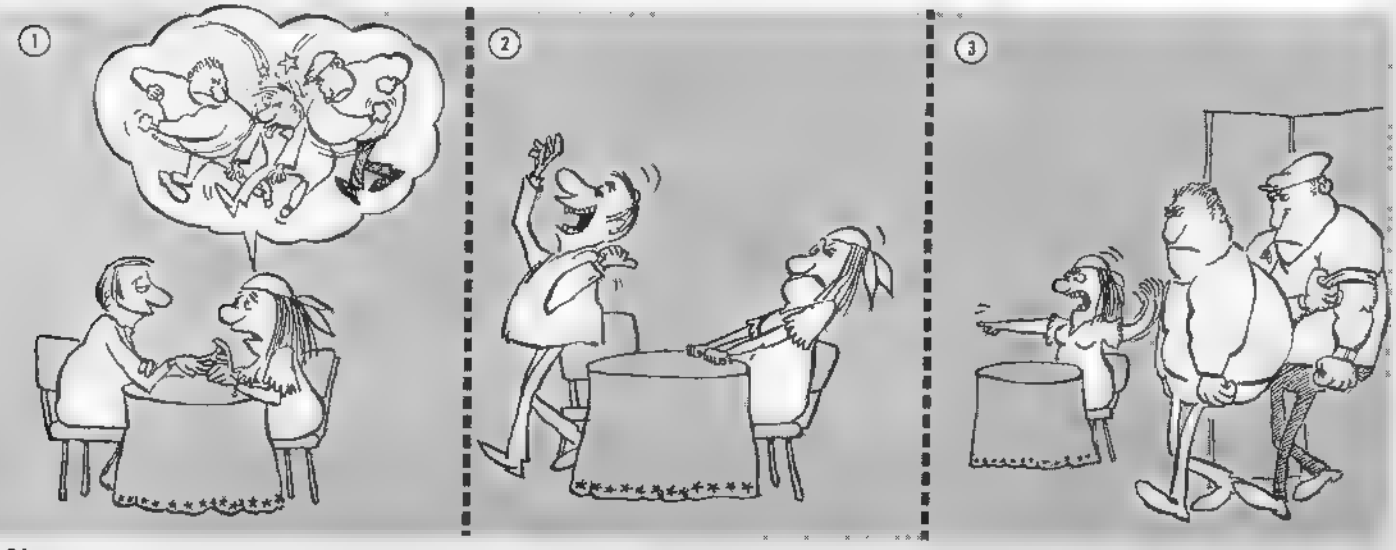
PRIVATE DOVES

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



HAND SHAKEDOWN DEPT.

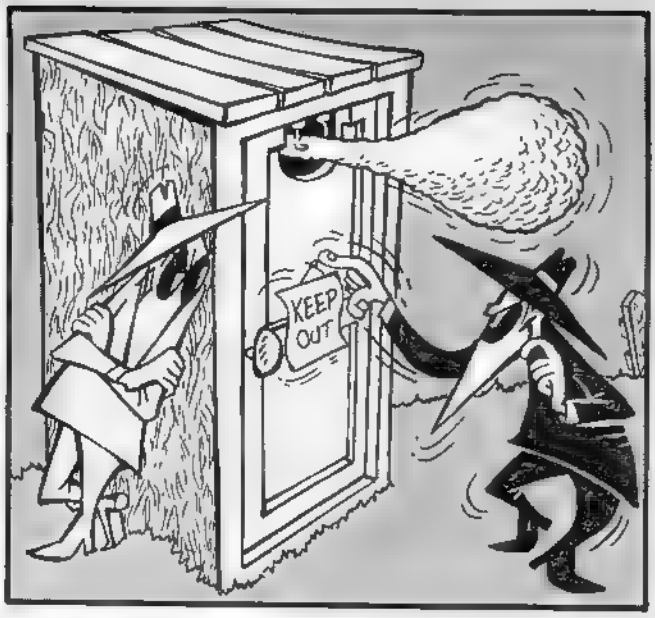
A MAD LOOK AT PAL

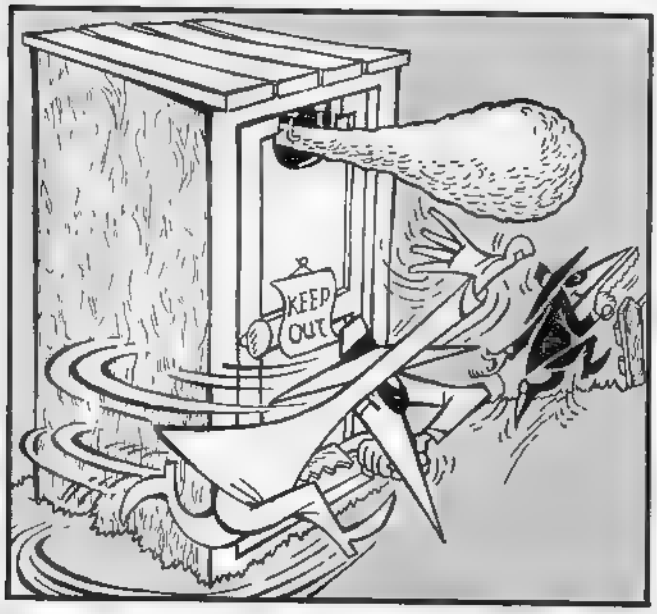


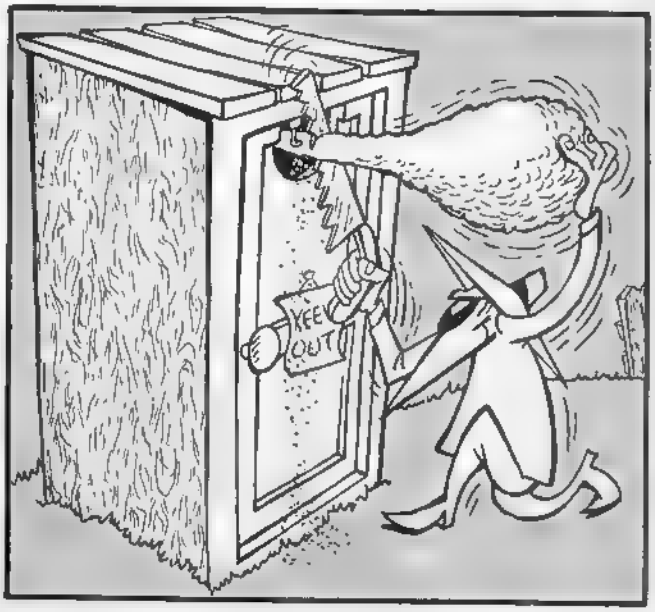
M READING

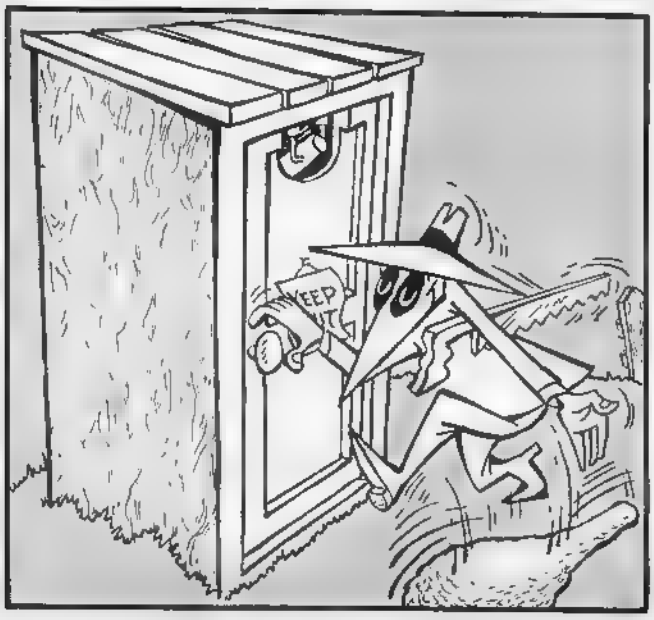
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

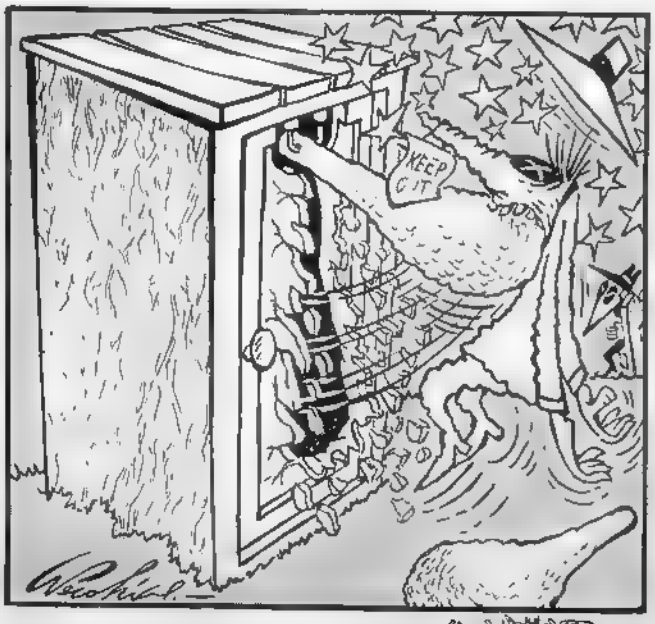
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II











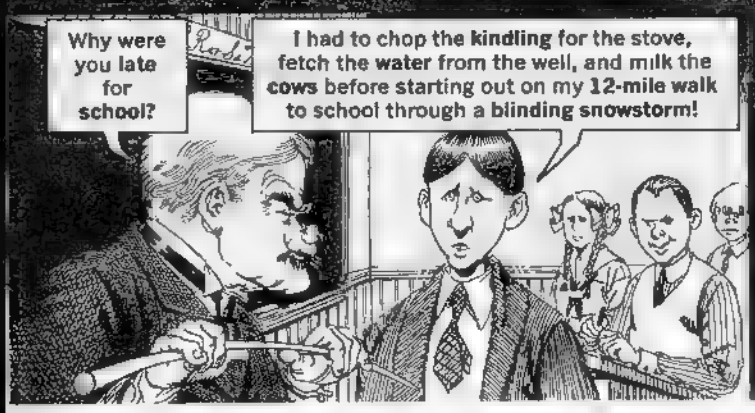
STRADDLE DEFENSE DEPT.

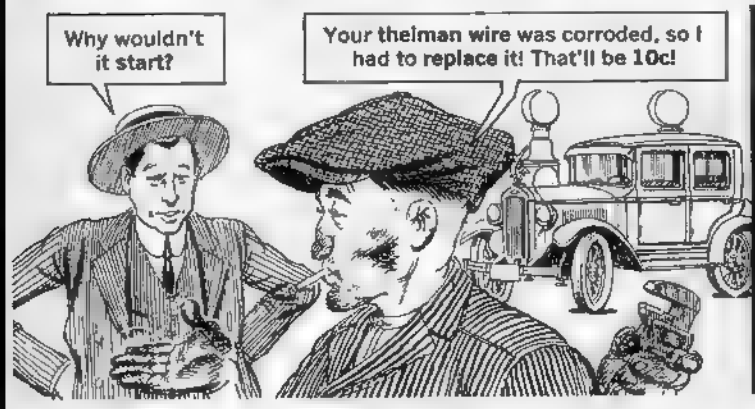
Since the dawn of time, Homo sapiens have been making excuses to justify their behavior. And so have normal people! No matter what he is accused of, and no matter if he is right or wrong, every man, woman and child stands ready with a quick explanation that he hopes will get him off the hook. But in recent years, these alibis and denials have taken on a different tone from those of earlier times. And so, in order to compare the past with the present in this vital and significant area of human communication, MAD now presents . . .

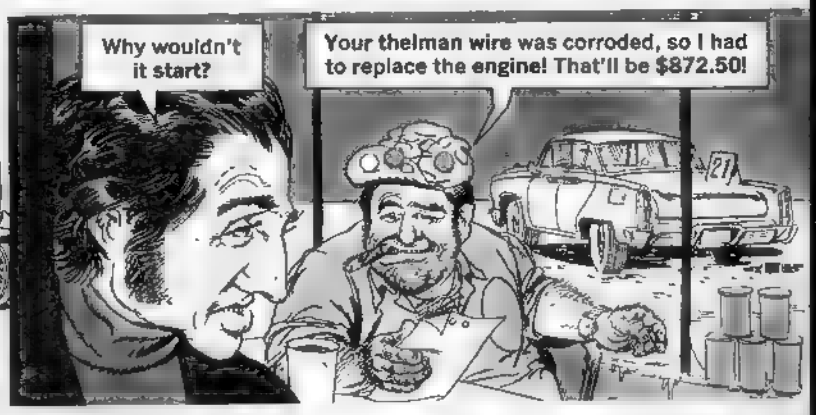
EXCUSES, EXCUSES!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITERS: DICK DeBARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

PAST... AND ...PRESENT

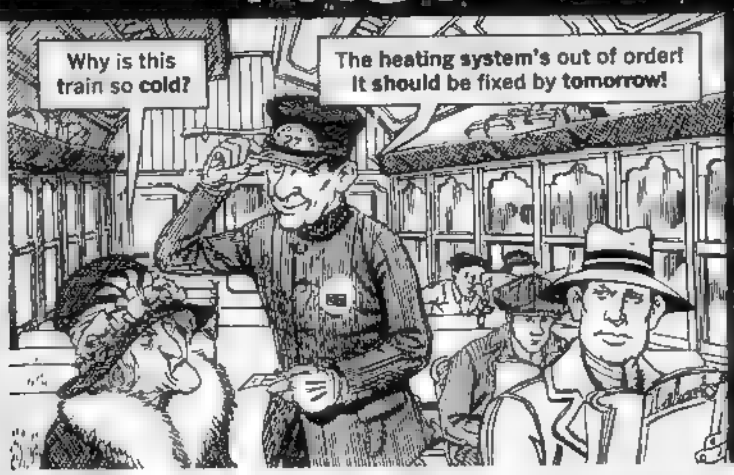


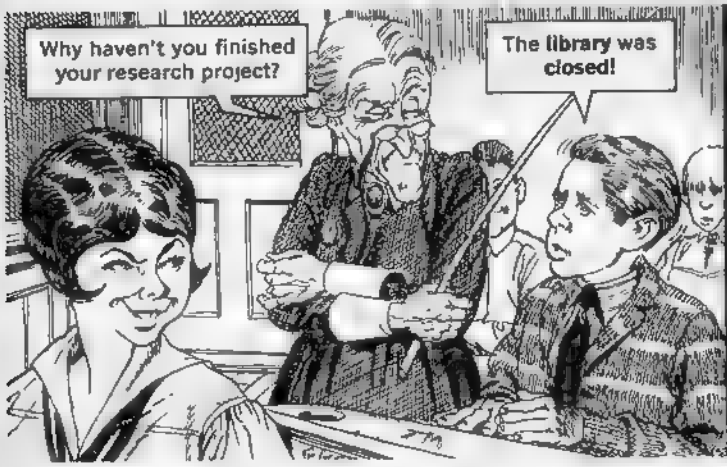


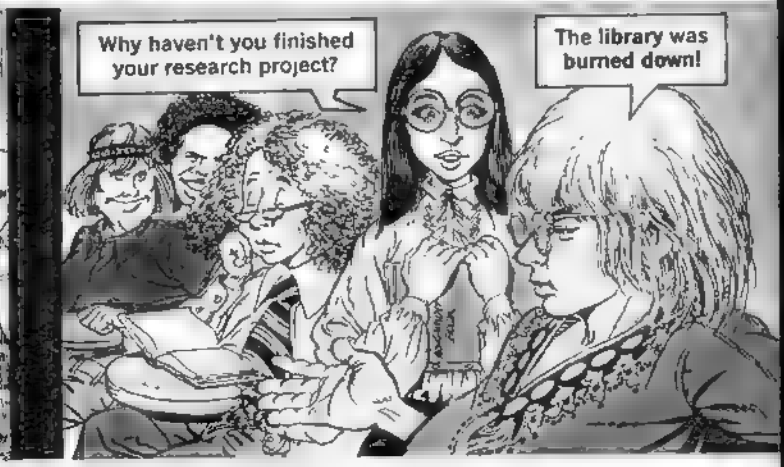


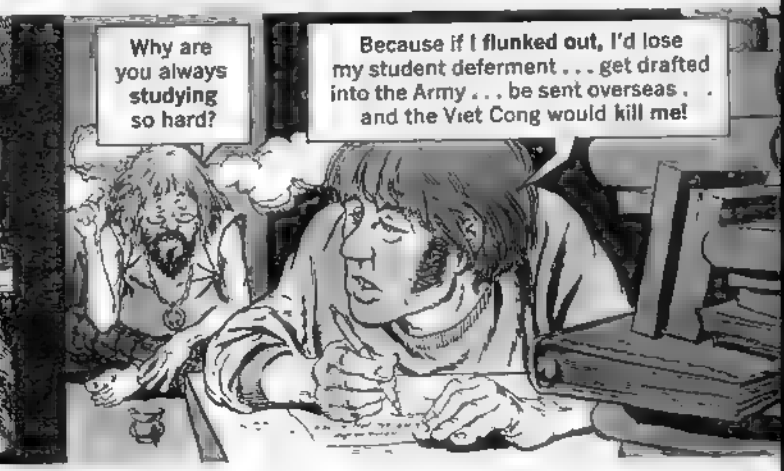
PAST... AND ...PRESENT

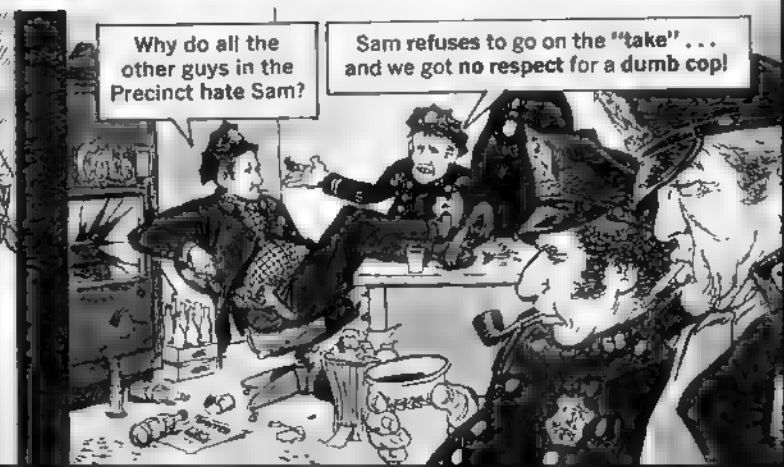
PAST... AND ...PRESENT











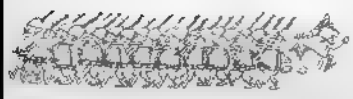
SING-SING SING DEPT.

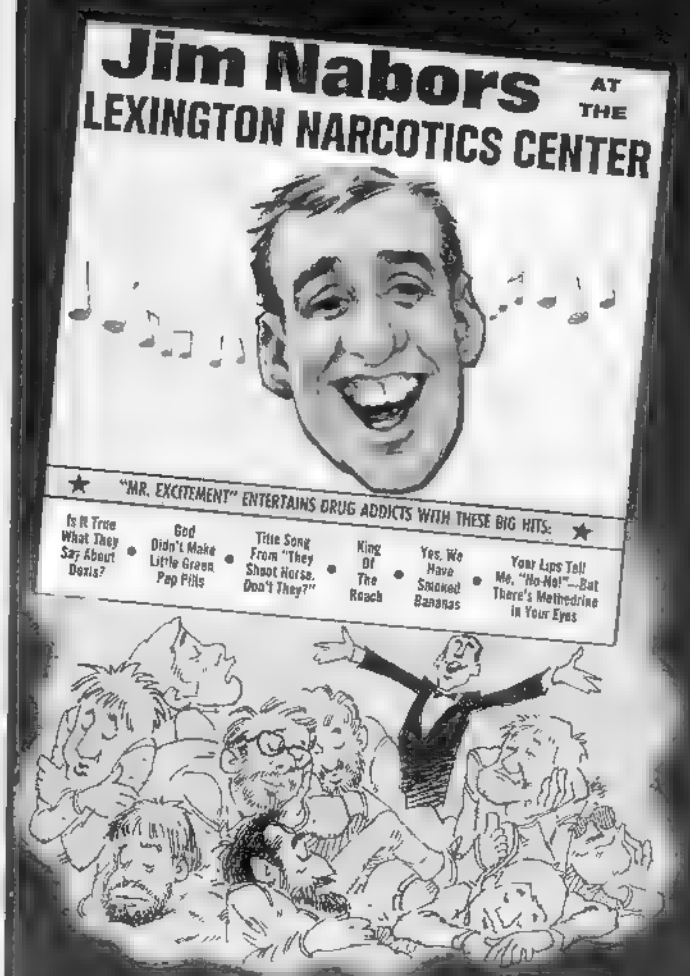
When Folk Singer, Johnny Cash rocked the music world and climbed to the top of the Record Charts with his two smash albums,

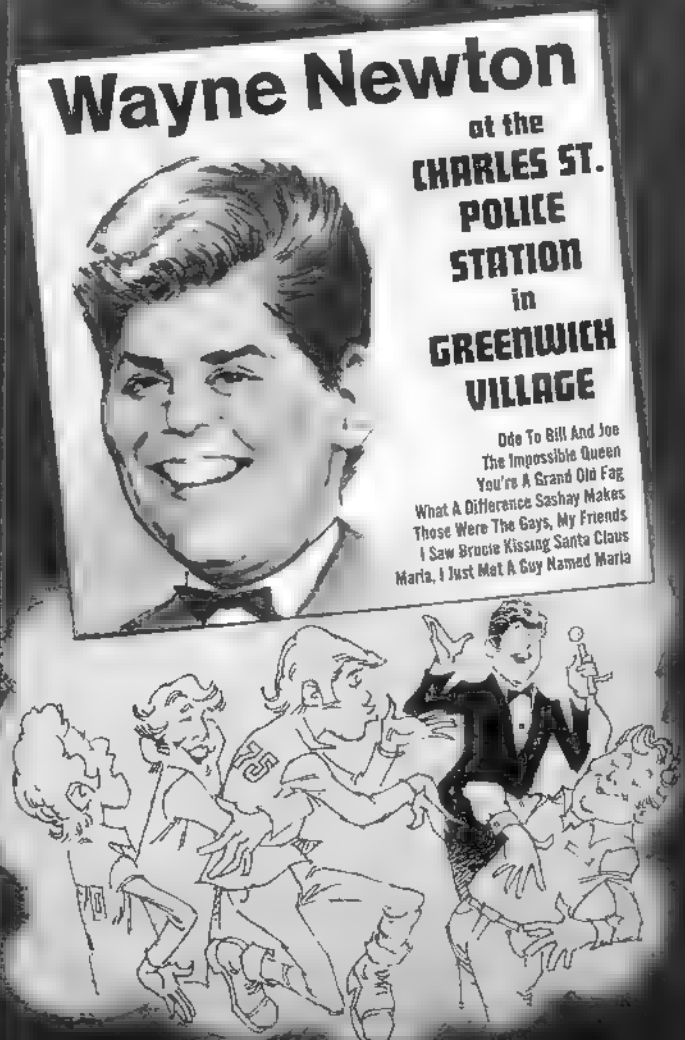
we at MAD figured it wouldn't be long before other recording stars, looking to capitalize on this new trend, would also start entertaining prisoners and cutting albums at various corrective institutions. Although this could have some drawbacks—like how do you get 'em to applaud when they're wearing handcuffs? — it would also mean a fast buck, and we'd be seeing these

"PRISON" RECORD ALBUMS OF THE FUTURE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



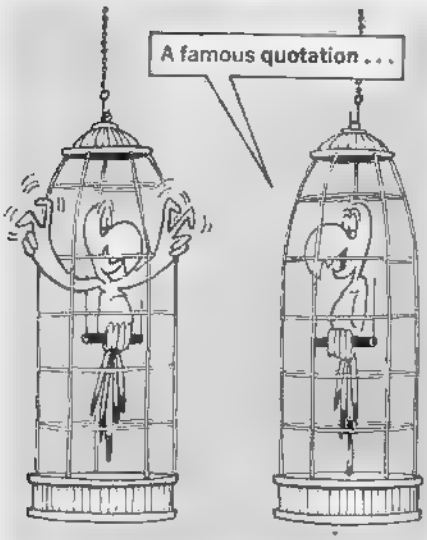


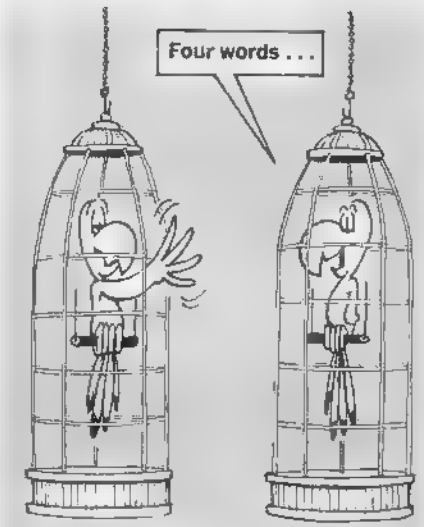


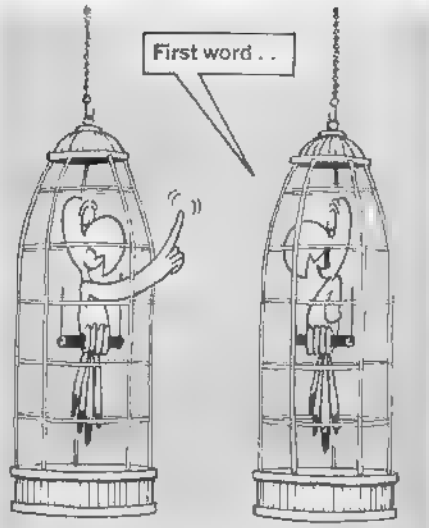
Englebert Humperdinck
at the Berkeley Jail
Stormy Weatherman
See Ya Later, Agitator
Molotov Cocktails For Two
Abbie, Won't You Light My Fire
Give Me That Old Time Sedition
Tear Gas Keeps Fallin' On My Head
Oh, When The Pigs Come Marchin' In
I've Grown Accustomed To Their Mace
CONNIE FRANCIS AT THE
PHILADELPHIA HOME FOR
WAYWARD GIRLS
Hey, There, Orgy Girl
Thou Swell, Thou Pregnant
Everybody's Talkin' 'Bout You
Bridge Over Troubled Daughters
That's Why The Lady Has A Cramp
On The Street Where You Lived It Up
You Date 16 Bums And What Do You Get
Dummy, Dummy, Dummy, You Got Life In Your Tummy
KATE SMITH
AT A GEORGIA
CHAIN GANG
When The Goon Comes Over The Mountain
May The Good Guard Lock And Keep You
And One More For The Road Gang
Ankles Away, My Boy
Oh— Own Golden Shackles
These Boots Were Made For Walking
The King Sisters
AT
MATAWAN
PRISON FOR THE
CRIMINALLY INSANE
Sever On Sunday
"D" You're Degenerate
Stabbin' On The Corner
Stranglers In The Night
If Ever I Would Cleave You
I'll Never Maul My Love Again
Deck The Halls With Parts Of Molly
Try To Dismember A Guy In September

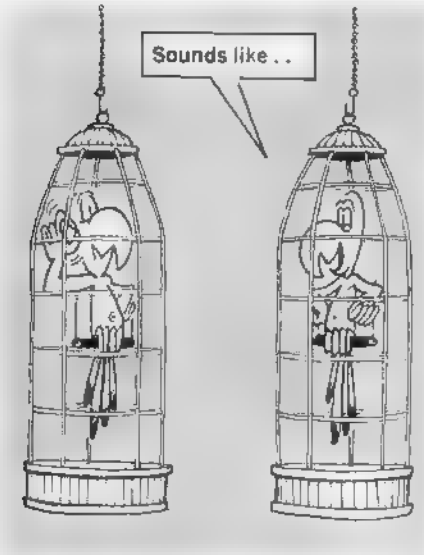
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

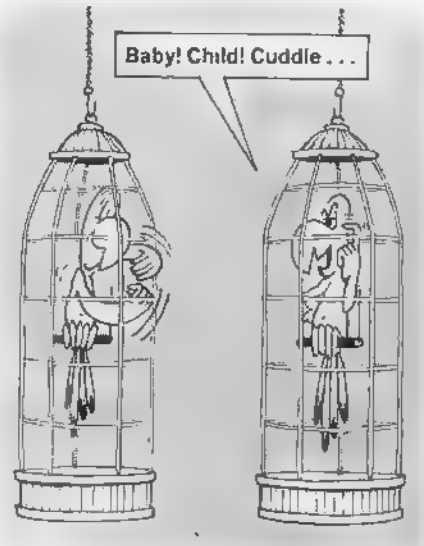
ONE DAY IN A PET SHOP

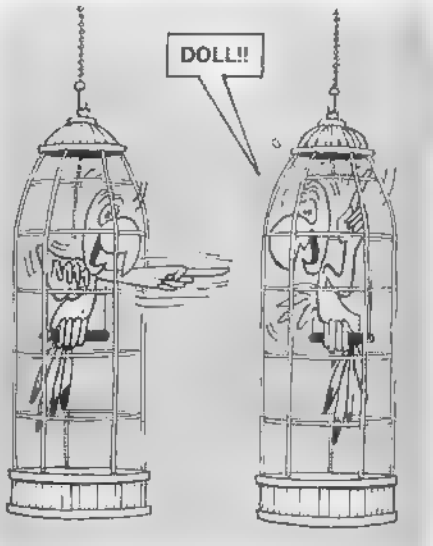


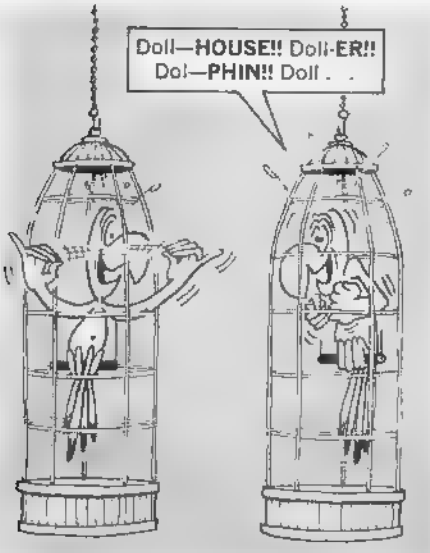


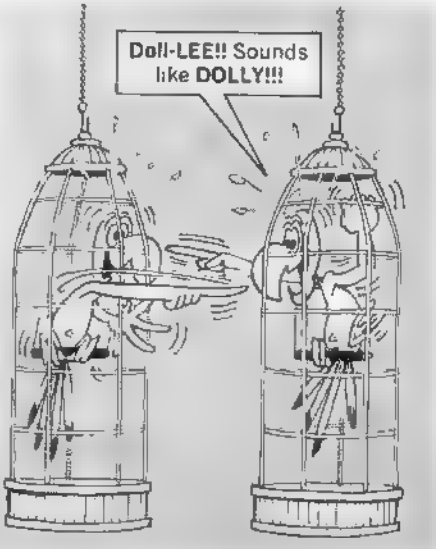


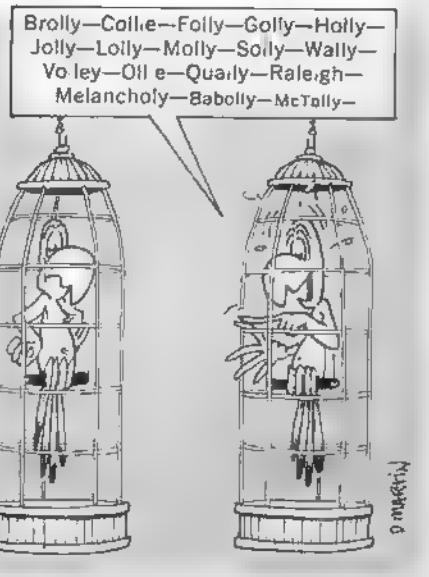












THE ID AND THE INHIBIT-ID DEPT.

Ever since Hollywood blew the censorship lid off, and you can say or do anything in a motion picture these days, all we've been getting is a steady stream of raw sewage called "Now Movies". Recently, Hollywood outdid itself with a movie that is nothing more than vulgarity and sordid sex. So, go see it! You'll love it! We're referring, of course, to the movie about those two characters: the obscene-talking sexy call girl, and the prudish inhibited writer . . . otherwise known as . . .

THE FOUL AND THE PRISSY CATS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

Wow! This is absolutely amazing!
What? That you were able to pick up someone so great on a night like this?
No, that I was able to pick up someone so DRY on a night like this!
Shut up and read this DRY newspaper!
THE BEARD
There are SOME dirty old men in this town who like to use young women for their warped desires! Isn't that a problem for you?
Yeah, a big problem! There aren't enough of those dirty old men to go around! Business stinks!
I—I didn't know you were just a common street walker!
Actually, I'm not! But lately, I've been—as they say—"up against it!"
Up against WHAT?
For $20.00, I can be up against YOU!
$20.00?! But you're not even pretty!
EVERYONE's pretty! I'm a novelty!
Damn it! Another rejection slip!
How can you tell? You haven't even opened it?
When it's addressed to "Occupant", you kinda know!
I've had complaints about the noise your typewriter makes at night!
Who ever heard of someone complaining about typewriter noise?! It just doesn't make any sense!
Listen—you think this is bad!? We still got over an hour to go!
I know who's complaining! But she shouldn't talk! Look for yourself at what she's doing—right out in the open where everyone in the world can see!
I can't see a THING!!
How about now?
An old man is giving her a $20.00 bill! I've never been so shocked in my life!
Because you didn't know what she is?
No—because she always charges me THIRTY!! I'm throwing her out!!
KITTY LITTER

I'm a very timid intellectual who leads a sheltered life, so I use my tape recorder to imitate reality! F'rinstance, when someone bangs at my door, I use my "Dog Barking" band—

Arf! Arf! Growl! Woof! Woof!!

. . . or when I'm feeling unhappy, I use my "Loving Mommy" band . . .

Dress warm, Booby, and don't forget to wear your rubbers!

. . . or when I'm feeling lonely, I use my "Making Out" band . . .

Please . . . not tonight! I've got a headache!

I—I also happen to be a very UNLUCKY intel-lectual!

BANG BANG

You no good &¢%$#*@! You squealed on me! I hate your dirty &¢%$*@ guts!

That's terrible!

What? My cursing?

No, those stupid symbols! You'd think in this day and age, MAD could use the same language the movies use!

You &¢%$#*@! Why'd you have me thrown out of this vermin-infested, rat-ridden, disgusting old slum apartment house?!?

I didn't want you to give the place a bad name!

I'm staying here tonight! Lucky for you I don't hold any grudges!

Really? Why not?

I don't hold anything I'm not paid to hold!

VISIT LEVITT'S!

I want your opinion on something—

Do you think this outfit is too much?

I—I think the hands are in the wrong place!

They should be covering your mouth!!

BLESS OUR HOVEL

I—I can't understand it! When I look at you, I—I get all confused!

Don't you know what a beautiful, sexy girl in a filmy negligee is supposed to look like?

Yes, I do! That's what's so confusing!

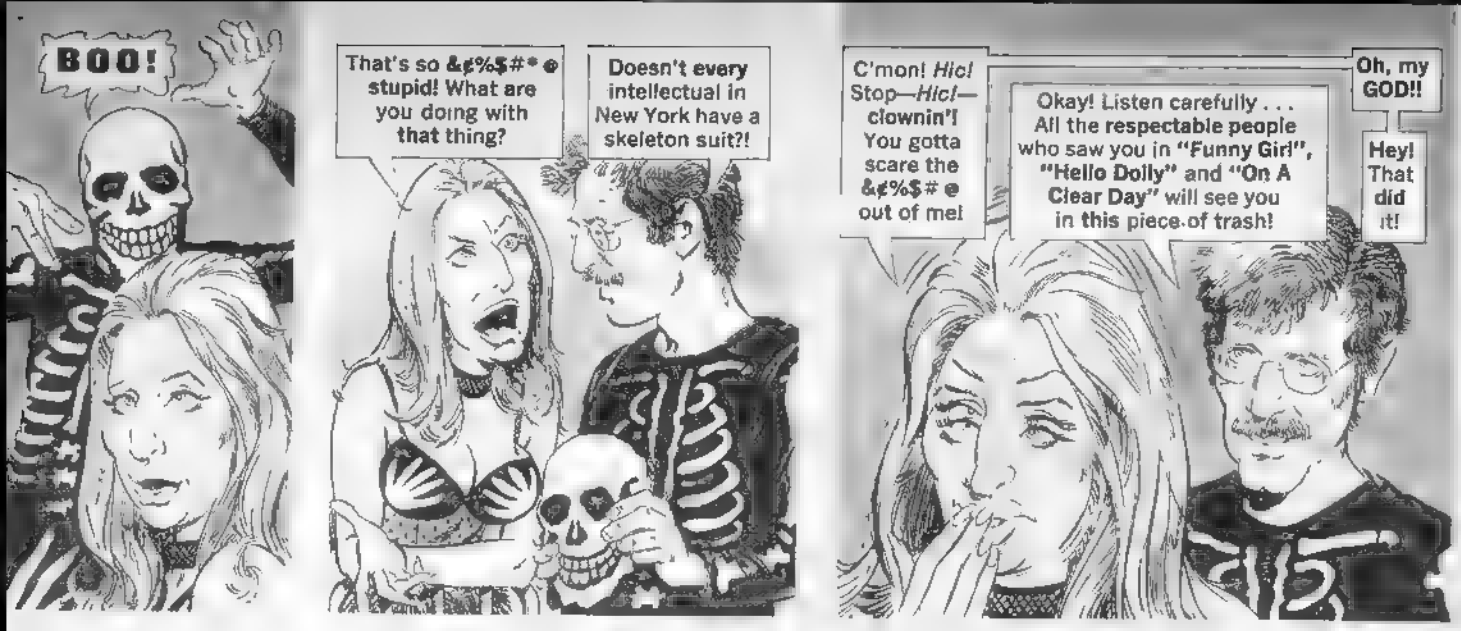
Hic! Oh, boy! *Hic!* I got a bad case of the hiccups! You gotta scare me—*Hic!*—so I can get rid of them!

I have just the thing! Close your eyes and don't look 'til I tell you to!

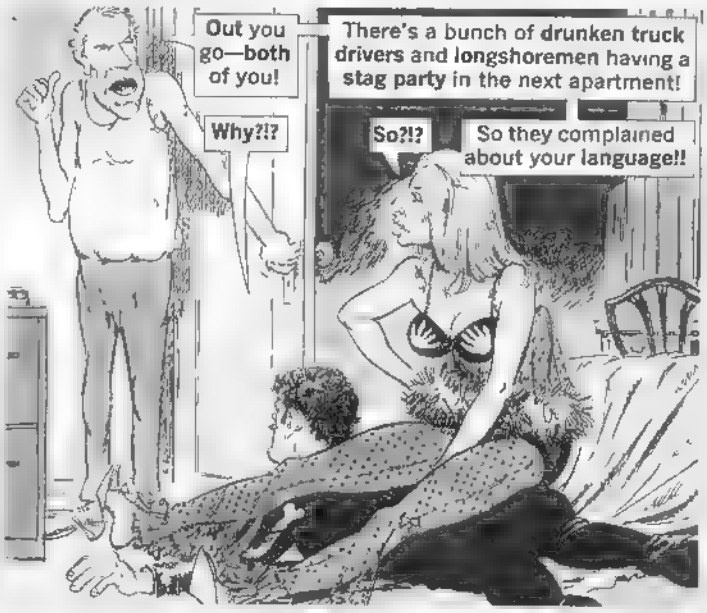
Now—open your eyes!

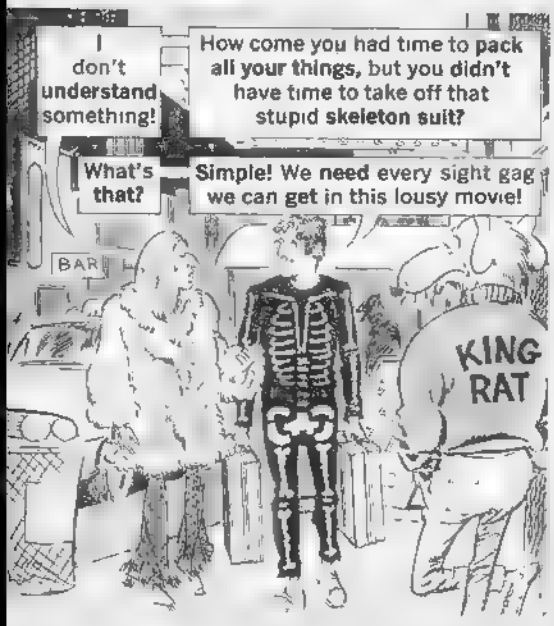
Why . . . she's lovely! She's—*Hic!*—a born star! She has magic!

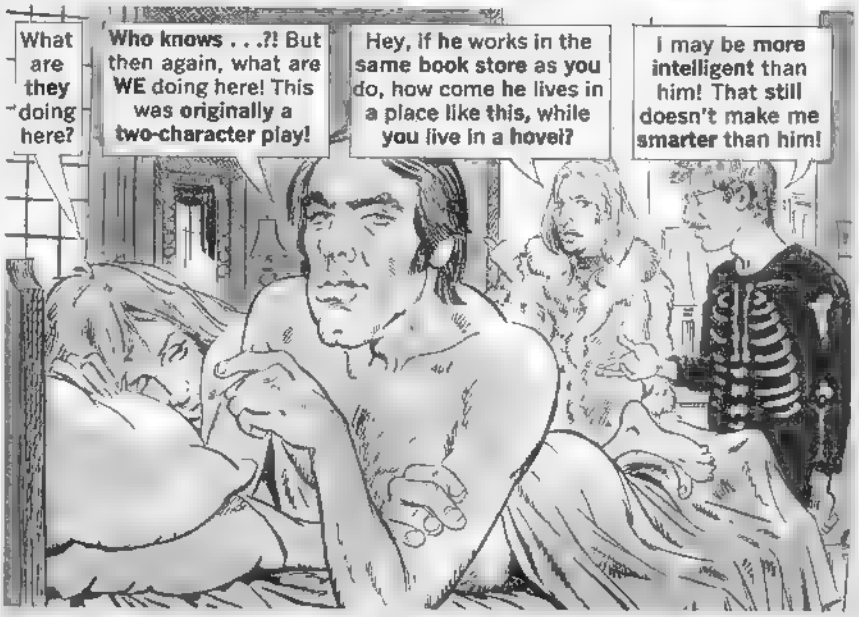
Hmmmm! Okay—I know! Wait here!


BOO!
That's so &¢%$#*@ stupid! What are you doing with that thing?
Doesn't every intellectual in New York have a skeleton suit?!
C'mon! Hic! Stop—Hic!—clownin'! You gotta scare the &¢%$#@ out of me!
Okay! Listen carefully . . . All the respectable people who saw you in "Funny Girl", "Hello Dolly" and "On A Clear Day" will see you in this piece of trash!
Oh, my GOD!!
Hey! That did it!

Er—what's your name?
Well, what do people call you?
I give myself a lot of names, but I don't like ANY of them!
Listen, THOSE names, I REALLY don't like! But people are such &¢%$#*@s!


Out you go—both of you!
Why?!?
There's a bunch of drunken truck drivers and longshoremen having a stag party in the next apartment!
So?!?
So they complained about your language!!


I don't understand something!
How come you had time to pack all your things, but you didn't have time to take off that stupid skeleton suit?
What's that?
Simple! We need every sight gag we can get in this lousy movie!
BAR
KING RAT


What are they doing here?
Who knows . . .?! But then again, what are WE doing here! This was originally a two-character play!
Hey, if he works in the same book store as you do, how come he lives in a place like this, while you live in a hovel?
I may be more intelligent than him! That still doesn't make me smarter than him!

Aren't you going to LIE DOWN and sleep?
I sleep sitting up! Do you think that's strange?
No! The audience has been doing it since the movie started!
I can't sleep unless I have a TV set on, so you'll have to entertain me!
Okay! A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio tonight! I met a man who told me he hadn't had a bite in three days . . . so I bit him! But seriously, folks . . .
How come a minute ago you were a tongue-tied goof, and now you break out in old Henny Youngman routines?!
YOU'RE looking for consistency?! Must I remind you of the "wet-clothes—dry-clothes" fiasco in the opening scenes?!
SORRY MAKER
Let me read you a story I wrote . . . "The sun vomited up daylight on the Earth . . ."
Boy, you really know how to turn a girl on! Come in here with me . . .
Are you making advances to me?
No, I'm stark naked under here because I'm going shopping for bagels and lox at the Deli! Boy—you're some dummy!
I—I really think we'd enjoy TALKING more!
Oops! Sorry! How clumsy of me . . .
Kiss . . . kiss . . . kiss . . . and stuff . . .
U.S.M.C.
You were right! Talking WOULD have been more fun! You're a lousy writer . . . a lousy lover . . . and a lousy Henny Youngman! Good-bye!!
Where are you going?
For a walk!
Wait! I'll go with you! I'm also a lousy walker!!
Wow! That girl is UGLY!
And that guy is making an ass out of himself!
They both make me sick!
I hate the sight of them!
Listen, you guys! Do me a favor and &%$# off!
You really shouldn't talk like that to them!
Why?! Who are they?
Film critics!

C'mon in! You gotta see my fiancée's fancy home . . .

Big deal! Say, let's make out so they'll give this picture an "X" rating!

America would be better off if they gave it a "G" rating!

How come . . .?

Then the kids could see just how boring raw sex and dirty language can get!

PAT LOVES MARTY

Have you ever smoked pot before?

No! Why?

it does wild things to your memory!

Like what?

Like it makes you forget that you've already seen this same scene in ten other "Now" movies!

There are lots of sick people around who pay me to do real nutty things!

Like what things?

Well, like there's "Weird Irving, The Crazy Artist" . . . who likes to paint me green from head to toe!

That's—that's disgusting!

Yeah! Blue or red would be one thing! But, green . . . that's so—so perverted!!

What's the meaning of this?!

It's my fiancée and her father!!

Well . . . if it isn't "Weird Irving, The Crazy Artist"!

You mean . . . HE's "Weird Irving"?!?

No, I mean SHE's "Weird Irving"!!

I want to thank you! You've done a lot for me!

Aw, &¢%$#* @!

No, really! You've taught me a couple of things, and I've changed drastically!

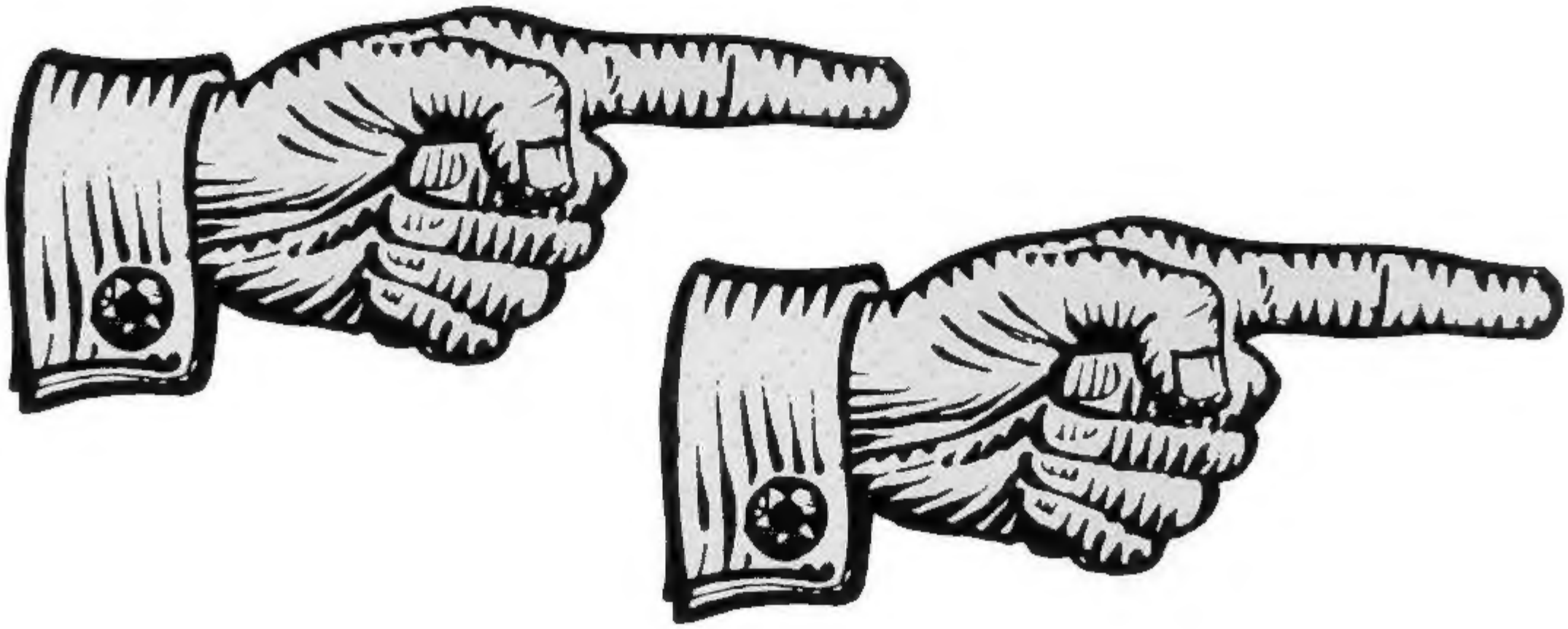
Changed? How?

Well, for one thing, all those big, fancy, high-falutin' words that once meant so much to me now make me sick!

Really! And what else?

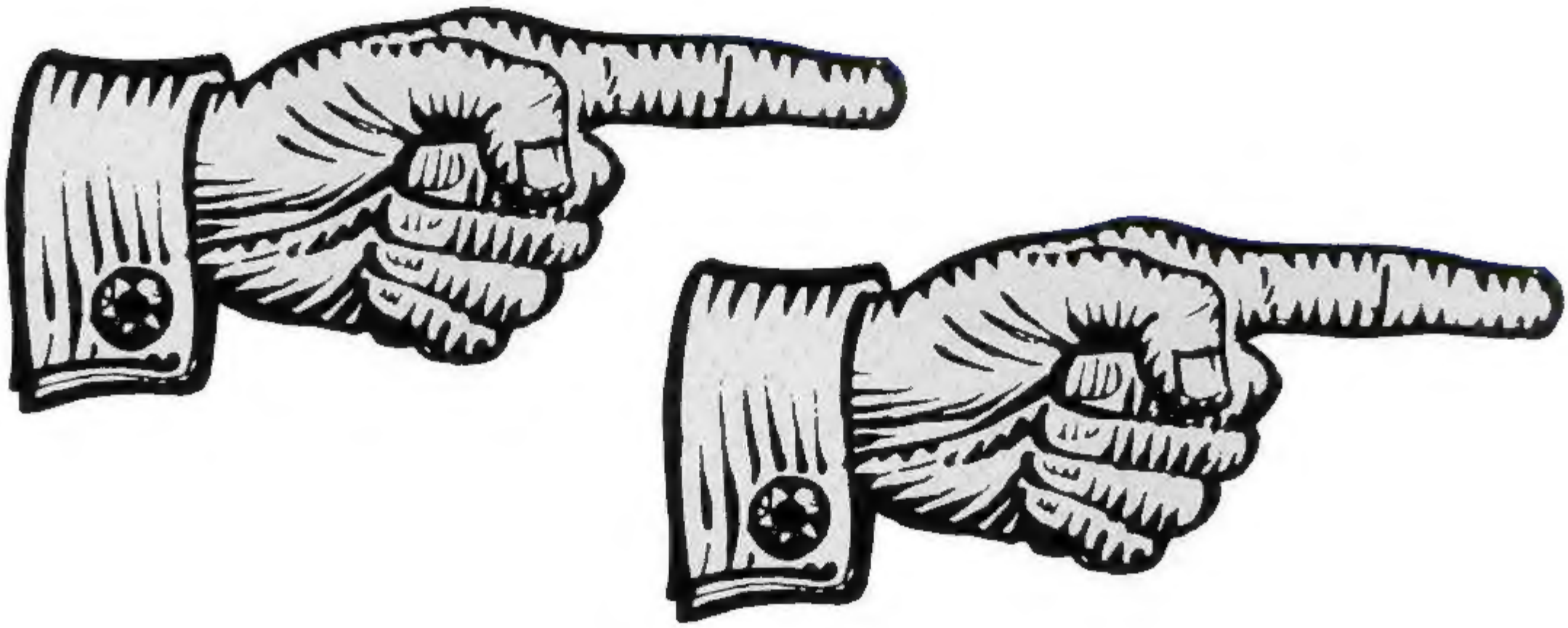
Dirty, filthy, four-letter words make me even sicker!

So long . . . FOUL-MOUTH!!



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT NEW PHENOMENA WILL SEND WORKINGMEN'S TEMPERATURES SOARING THIS SUMMER?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

Workingmen throughout the nation will face a serious new problem this Summer . . . one that threatens to impair their productivity and efficiency. To find out what this problem is, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

HEAVY USE OF AIR-CONDITIONER UNITS WILL NOT RELIEVE PRESSURES FACED BY WORKINGMEN, PARTICULARLY IN MORE CLOSELY-CROWDED PLANTS

A▶ ◀B

WHAT NEW PHENOMENA WILL SEND WORKINGMEN'S TEMPERATURES SOARING THIS SUMMER?

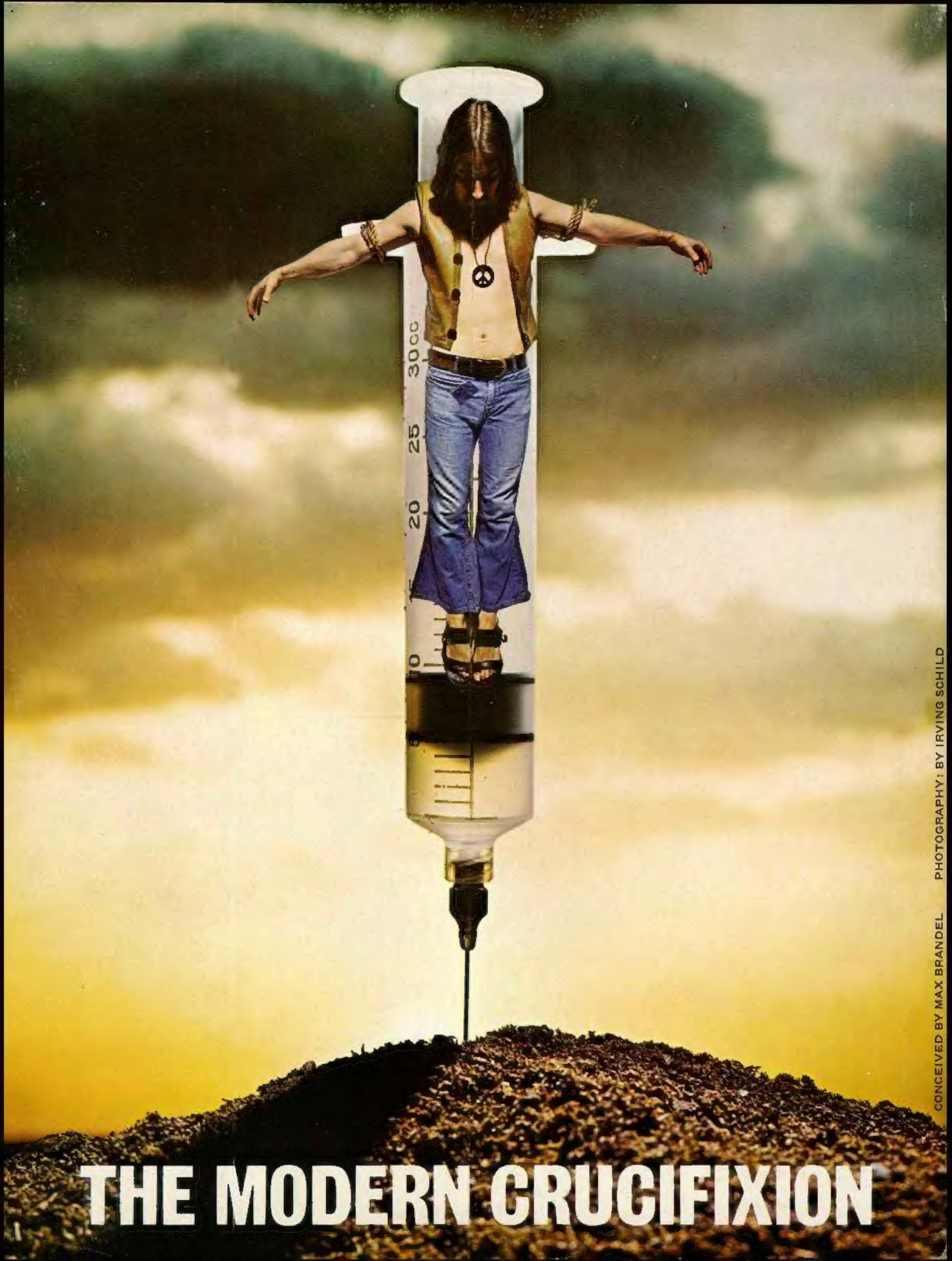
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

HOT PANTS

A▶◀B

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE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THE MODERN CRUCIFIXION
CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL
PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD